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THE POEMS OF THOMAS
CHATTERTON

II

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON
EDITED
WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION,
NOTES, GLOSSARY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY
BY
HENRY D. ROBERTS

VOL. II.
(THE ROWLEY POEMS)



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CONTENTS

THE ROWLEY POEMS

	PAGE
The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin	I
Ælla :—	
Epistle to Mastre Canyng on Ælla	15
Letter to the digne Mastre Canyng	16
Introduction	18
Ælla	19
Prologue to Goddyn	71
Goddwyn	72
English Metamorphosis	80
An Excelente Balade of Charitie	84
To John Ladgate	87
Songe to Ælla	88
Lines by John Ladgate	89
The Tournament	90
Battle of Hastings (No. 1)	98
Battle of Hastings (No. 2)	115
The Romaunte of the Cnyghte	139
The Romance of the Knight, modernised by Chatterton	140
Eclogues :—	
1. Robert and Raufe	142
2. Nigel	144
3. A man, a woman, Sir Roger	147
4. Elinoure and Juga	150
The Storie of William Canyng	152
On Our Lady's Church	157
On the same	158

	PAGE
On the Dedication of Our Lady's Church	159
The Parlyamente of Sprytes	160
On the Minster	169
Fragment on Richard I.	170
The Warre	171
The World	172
The Unknown Knight	174
The Broder of Orderys Whyte	178
Dialogue between Master Philpot and Walworth . .	179
The Merrie Trickes of Lamyngetowne	180
Songe of Seyncte Baldwynne	184
Songe of Seyncte Warburghe	185
On Oure Ladyes Chirch	186
A Chronycalle of Brystowe	188
On Happienesse	189
The Gouler's Requiem	190
Onn Johne a Dalbenie	191
Heraudyn	191
Epitaph on Robert Canyng	191
The Accounte of W. Canyng's Feast	192
Fragment, attributed to Elmar, Bishop of Selseie .	192
Fragment, attributed to Ecc, Bishop of Hereford	193
NOTES	194
GLOSSARY	208
INDEX OF FIRST LINES (Vols. i. and ii.)	219

THE EXECUTION OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN

THE feathered songster chanticleer
Has wound his bugle horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn :

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray ;
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

‘Thou’rt right’, quoth he, ‘for, by the God
That sits enthroned on high !
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die’.

10

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait ;
‘Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state’.

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brim full of woe ;
He journeyed to the castle gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

20

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

‘O good Sir Charles !’ said Canterlone,
‘Bad tidings I do bring’.

‘Speak boldly, man’, said brave Sir Charles,
‘What says thy traitor king?’

‘I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly, 30
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die’.

‘We all must die’, quoth brave Sir Charles,
‘Of that I’m not afeared ;
What boots to live a little space ?
Thank Jesu, I’m prepared ;

But tell thy king, for mine he’s not,
I’d sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Tho’ I should live for aye’. 40

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles’s fate.

Then Master Canyng sought the king,
And fell down on his knee ;
‘I’m come’, quoth he, ‘unto your grace
To move your clemency’.

Then quoth the king, ‘Your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend ;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend’. 50

‘ My noble liege ! all my request
 Is for a noble knight,
 Who tho’ mayhap he has done wrong,
 He thought it still was right :

He has a spouse and children twain,
 All ruined are for aye ;
 If that you are resolved to let
 Charles Bawdin die to-day ’.

60

‘ Speak not of such a traitor vile ’,
 The king in fury said ;
 ‘ Before the evening star shall shine,
 Bawdin shall lose his head :

Justice does loudly for him call,
 And he shall have his meed :
 Speak, Master Canyng ! What thing else
 At present do you need ? ’

‘ My noble liege ’, good Canyng said,
 ‘ Leave justice to our God,
 And lay the iron rule aside ;
 Be thine the olive rod.

70

Was God to search our hearts and reins,
 The best were sinners great ;
 Christ’s vicar only knows no sin,
 In all this mortal state.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
 ’Twill fast thy crown full sure ;
 From race to race thy family
 All sovereigns shall endure :

80

But if with blood and slaughter thou
 Begin thy infant reign,
 Thy crown upon thy children’s brows
 Will never long remain ’.

‘Canynge, away ! this traitor vile
 Has scorned my power and me ;
 How canst thou then for such a man
 Entreat my clemency ?’

‘My noble liege ! the truly brave
 Will valorous actions prize ;
 Respect a brave and noble mind
 Although in enemies’.

‘Canynge, away ! By God in heaven
 That did me being give,
 I will not taste a bit of bread
 Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
 This sun shall be his last’.

Then Canyng dropped a briny tear,
 And from the presence past.

With heart brim full of gnawing grief,
 He to Sir Charles did go,
 And sat him down upon a stool,
 And tears began to flow.

‘We all must die’, quoth brave Sir Charles ;
 ‘What boots it how or when ;
 Death is the sure, the certain fate
 Of all we mortal men.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
 Runs over at thine eye ;
 Is it for my most welcome doom
 That thou dost child-like cry ?’

Quoth godly Canyng, ‘I do weep,
 That thou so soon must die,
 And leave thy helpless sons behind ;
 ’Tis this that wets mine eye’.

90

100

110

‘ Then dry the tears that out thine eye
 From godly fountains spring ;
 Death I despise, and all the power
 Of Edward, traitor king.

120

When through the tyrant’s welcome means
 I shall resign my life,
 The God I serve will soon provide
 For both my sons and wife.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
 This was appointed me ;
 Shall mortal man repine and grudge
 What God ordains to be ?

How oft in battle have I stood,
 When thousands died around ;
 When smoking streams of crimson blood
 Imbrued the fattened ground ?

130

How did I know that every dart,
 That cut the airy way,
 Might not find passage to my heart,
 And close mine eyes for aye ?

And shall I now, for fear of death,
 Look wan and be dismayed ?
 Nay ! from my heart fly childish fear,
 Be all the man displayed.

140

Ah, godlike Henry ! God forfend,
 And guard thee and thy son,
 If ’tis His will ; but if ’tis not,
 Why then, His will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been
 To serve God and my prince ;
 And that I no time-server am,
 My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note ;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat.

150

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go ;
Where we for ever blest shall be,
From out the reach of woe.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite ;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right.

160

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor ;
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door.

And none can say but all my life
I have his wordes kept ;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed ?

170

I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain ;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain ?

No, hapless Henry ! I rejoice,
I shall not see thy death ;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

180

Oh, fickle people, ruined land !
 Thou wilt know peace no moe ;
 While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
 Thy brooks with blood will flow.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
 And godly Henry's reign,
 That you did chop your easy days
 For those of blood and pain ?

What tho' I on a sled be drawn,
 And mangled by a hind,
 I do defy the traitor's power,
 He can not hurt my mind ;

What tho', uphoisted on a pole,
 My limbs shall rot in air,
 And no rich monument of brass
 Charles Bawdin's name shall bear ;

Yet in the holy book above,
 Which time can't eat away,
 There with the servants of the Lord
 My name shall live for aye.

Then welcome death ! for life eterne
 I leave this mortal life ;
 Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
 My sons and loving wife !

Now death as welcome to me comes,
 As e'er the month of May ;
 Nor would I even wish to live,
 With my dear wife to stay '.

Quoth Canyng, ' 'Tis a goodly thing
 To be prepared to die ;
 And from this place of care and pain
 To God in heaven to fly '.

190

200

210

And now the bell began to toll,
 And clarions to sound ;
 Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
 A-prancing on the ground :

And, just before the officers,
 His loving wife came in,
 Weeping unfeigned tears of woe,
 With loud and dismal din.

220

'Sweet Florence ! now I pray forbear,
 In quiet let me die ;
 Pray God that every christian soul
 May look on death as I.

Sweet Florence ! why these briny tears ?
 They wash my soul away,
 And almost make me wish for life,
 With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

'Tis but a journey I shall go
 Unto the land of bliss ;
 Now, as a proof of husband's love,
 Receive this holy kiss '.

230

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
 Trembling these wordès spoke,
 ' Ah, cruel Edward, bloody king !
 My heart is well nigh broke :

Ah, sweet Sir Charles ! why wilt thou go,
 Without thy loving wife ?
 The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
 It eke shall end my life '.

240

And now the officers came in
 To bring Sir Charles away,
 Who turnèd to his loving wife,
 And thus to her did say :

‘ I go to life, and not to death ;
 Trust thou in God above,
 And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
 And in their hearts Him love :

Teach them to run the noble race

That I their father run ;

Florence, did death thee take—adieu !

Ye officers, lead on ’.

Then Florence rav’d as any mad,

And did her tresses tear ;

‘ Oh stay, my husband, lord, and life !’—

Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till, tirèd out with raving loud,

She fell upon the floor ;

Sir Charles exerted all his might,

And march’d from out the door.

250

260

Upon a sled he mounted then

With looks full brave and sweet ;

Looks, that enshone no more concern

Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,

In scarlet robes and gold,

And tassels spangling in the sun,

Much glorious to behold.

The friars of Saint Augustine next

Appearèd to the sight,

All clad in homely russet weeds

Of godly monkish plight.

270

In different parts a godly psalm

Most sweetly they did chant ;

Behind their backs six minstrels came,

Who tuned the strung bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came ;
 Each one the bow did bend,
 From rescue of king Henry's friends
 Sir Charles for to defend.

280

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
 Drawn, on a cloth-laid sled,
 By two black steeds in trappings white,
 With plumes upon their head.

Behind him five-and-twenty more
 Of archers strong and stout,
 With bended bow each one in hand,
 Marchèd in goodly rout.

Saint James's friars marchèd next,
 Each one his part did chant ;
 Behind their backs six minstrels came,
 Who tuned the strung bataunt.

290

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
 In cloth of scarlet deck't ;
 And their attending men, each one
 Like eastern princes trick't.

And after them a multitude
 Of citizens did throng ;
 The windows were all full of heads,
 As he did pass along.

300

And when he came to the high cross,
 Sir Charles did turn and say,
 ' O Thou, that savest man from sin,
 Wash my soul clean this day ! '

At the great minster window sat
 The king in mickle state,
 To see Charles Bawdin go along
 To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sled drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up
And thus his words declare :

‘ Thou seest me, Edward, traitor vile !
Exposed to infamy ;
But be assured, disloyal man !
I’m greater now than thee.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown ;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thy own.

Thou thinkest I shall die to-day ;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear for aye
A crown upon my brow ;

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
‘ Twixt king and tyrant hand :

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave !
Shall fall on thy own head’—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

King Edward’s soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say :

‘ To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly fears can bring,
Behold the man ! he spoke the truth,
He’s greater than a king !’

310

320

330

340

‘ So let him die ! ’ duke Richard said ;
 ‘ And may each one our foes
 Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
 And feed the carrion crows ’.

And now the horses gently drew
 Sir Charles up the high hill ;
 The axe did glister in the sun,
 His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
 As up a gilded car
 Of victory, by valorous chiefs
 Gained in the bloody war :

And to the people he did say,
 ‘ Behold, you see me die
 For serving loyally my king,
 My king most rightfully.

As long as Edward rules this land,
 No quiet you will know ;
 Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
 And brooks with blood shall flow.

You leave your good and lawful king
 When in adversity ;
 Like me, unto the true cause stick,
 And for the true cause die ’.

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
 A prayer to God did make,
 Beseeching Him unto Himself
 His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
 Most seemly on the block ;
 Which from his body fair at once
 The able headsman struck.

350

360

370

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine ;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four parties cut ;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

380.

One part did rot on Kynwulph hill,
One on the minster tower,
And one from off the castle gate
The crowen did devour ;

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle ;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In High-street most nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate.

God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing !

390.

ÆLLA :

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, OR DISCOOR-
SEYNGE TRAGEDIE, WROTENN BIE
THOMAS ROWLEIE ;

PLAIEDD BEFORE MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE
HYS HOWSE NEMPTHE
RODDE LODGE ;

〔ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK,
JOHAN HOWARD.〕

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE
ON ÆLLA

'Tis sung by minstrels, that in ancient time,
When reason hid herself in clouds of night,
The priest delivered all the law in rhyme,
Like painted tilting-spears to please the sight,
The which in its fell use do make much dere ;
So did their ancient lay deftly delight the ear.

Perchance in virtue's cause rhyme might be then,
But oft now flieth to the other side ;
In holy priest appears the ribald's pen,
In humble monk appears the baron's pride ; 10
But rhyme with some, as adder without teeth,
Makes pleasure to the sense, but may do little scath.

Sir John, a knight, who hath a barn of lore,
Knows Latin at first sight from French or Greek ;
Tortureth his knowledge ten years or more,
To ryng upon the Latin word to speak.
Whoever speaketh English is despised,
The English, him to please, must first be Latinized.

Vivian, a monk, a good requiem sings,
Can preach so well, each hind his meaning
knows ; 20
Albeit these good gifts away he flings,
Being as bad in verse as good in prose.
He sings of saints who dièd for their God,
And every winter night afresh he sheds their blood.

To maidens, housewives, and unlearned dames,
He reads his tales of merriment and woe.
Laugh loudly soundeth from the dolt adrames ;
He swells in praise of fools, tho' knows them so ;

Sometimes at tragedy they laugh and sing,
At merry jesting tale some hard-drained water bring. 30

Yet Vivian is no fool, beyond his lines.

Geoffrey makes verse, as handycrafts their ware ;
Words without sense full foolishly he twines,

Cutting his story off as with a shear ;
Waits months on nothing, and (his story done)
No more you from it know than if you ne'er begun.

Enough of others ; of myself to write,

Requiring what I do not now possess,
To you I leave the task ; I know your might

Will make my faults, my many faults, be less. 40
'Ælla' with this I send, and hope that you
Will from it cast away what lines may be untrue.

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet,

Let some great story of a man be sung ;
When as a man we God and Jesus treat,

In my poor mind, we do the Godhead wrong.
But let no words, which modesty might not hear,
Be placèd in the same. Adieu until anere.

LETTER TO THE DIGNE MASTRE CANYNGE

STRANGE doom it is, that, in these days of ours,

Naught but a bare recital can have place ;

Now shapely poesy hath lost its powers

And meagre history is only grace ;

They pick up loathsome weeds instead of flowers,

And families, instead of wit, they trace :

Now poesy can meet with no regrate,

Whilst prose and heraldry rise in estate.

Let kings and rulers, when they gain a throne,
 Shew what their grandsires and great-grandsires
 bore, 10
 Emarschalled arms that, not before their own,
 Now ranged with what their fathers had before ;
 Let trades and town-folk let such things alone,
 Nor fight for sable in a field of ore ;
 Seldom or never are arms virtue's meed,
 She nillynge to take mickle aye doth heed.

A man askance upon a piece may look,
 And shake his head to stir his rede about ;
 Quoth he, if I askaunted o'er this book,
 Should find therein that truth is left without ; 20
 Eke if unto a view perchance I took
 The long bede-roll of all the writing rout,
 Asserius, Ingulphus, Turgot, Bede,
 Throughout them all naught like it I could read.

Pardon, ye graybeards, if I say, unwise
 Ye are to stick so close and bysmarelle
 To history ; you do it too much prize,
 Which amenusèd thoughts of poesy ;
 Some drybblette share you should to that alyse,
 Not making everything be history ; 30
 Instead of mounting on a wingèd horse,
 You on a cart-horse drive in doleful course.

Canynge and I from common course dissent,
 We ride the steed, but give to him the rein,
 Nor will between crazed mouldering books be pent,
 But soar on high, and in the sunbeams' sheen ;
 And where we know some broken flowers besprent,
 We take it, and from old rust do it clean ;
 We will not chainèd to one pasture be,
 But sometimes soar 'bove truth of history. 40

Say, Canyng, what was verse in days of yore ?

Fine thoughts, and couplets fetyvelie bewryen,
Not such as do annoy this age so sore,

A keppened poyntelle resting at each line.

Verse may be good, but poesy wants more,

A boundless subject, and a song adygne ;
According to the rule I have this wrought,
If it please Canyng, I care not a groat.

The thing itself must be its own defence,

Some metre may not please a woman's ear. 50

Canyng looks not for poesy, but sense ;

And digne and wordie thoughts is all his care.

Canyng, adieu ! I do you greet from hence ;

Full soon I hope to taste of your good cheer ;

Good Bishop Carpenter did bid me say

He wish'd you health and happiness for aye.

T. ROWLEIE.

INTRODUCTION

SOME cherisaunei 'tis to gentle mind,

When they have chevyced their land from bane,
When they are dead, they leave their name behind,

And their good deeds do on the earth remain ;

Down in the grave we bury every stain,

Whilst all their gentleness is made to sheene,
Like fetiche baubles rarely to be seen.

Ælla, the warden of this castle-stead,

Whilst Saxons did the English sceptre sway,

Who made whole troops of Dacian men to bleed, 10

Then closed his eyes, and closed his eyes for aye,
 We rouse him up, before the Judgment Day,
 To say what he, as cleryond, can ken,
 And how he sojourned in the vale of men.

ÆLLA

Scene, BRISTOL

Enter CELMONDE

Cel. Before yon ruddy sun has drove his wain
 Through half his journey, dight in robes of
 gold,
 Me, hapless me, he will a wretch behold,
 Myself, and all that's mine, bound in mis-
 chance's chain.

Ah ! Bertha, why did nature frame thee fair ?
 Why art thou all that poyntelle can bewreene ?
 Why art thou not as coarse as others are ?
 But then—thy soul would through thy visage
 sheene,
 That shimmers on thy comely semlykeene,
 Like nutbrown clouds, when by the sun made
 red, 10
 Or scarlet, with choice linen cloth ywreene ;
 Such would thy sprite upon thy visage spread.
 This day brave Ælla doth thine hand and heart
 Claim as his own to be, which ne'er from his
 must part.

And can I live to see her with anere ?
 It cannot, must not, nay, it shall not be !
 This night I'll put strong poison in the beer,
 And him, her, and myself, at once will sle.

Assist me, hell ! let devils round me 'tend,
 To slay myself, my love, and eke my doughty
 friend. [Exit.] 20

Enter ÆLLA and BERTHA

Æl. Not when the holy priest did make me knight,
 Blessing the weapon, telling future deed,
 How by my hand the hardy Dane should
 bleed,
 How I should often be, and often win, in fight ;

Not when I first beheld thy beauteous hue,
 Which struck my mind, and roused my softer
 soul ;

Not, when from the barbèd horse in fight did
 view

The flying Dacians o'er the wide plain roll,
 When all the troops of Denmark made great
 dole,

Did I feel joy with such reddour as now, 30
 When holy priest, the lechemanne of the soul,
 Did knit us both in an enforcing vow ;
 Now hailie Ælla's happiness is great,
 Fate haveth now y-made his woes for to emmate.

Ber. My lord and husband, such a joy is mine ;
 But maiden modesty must not so say,
 Albeit thou mayest read it in mine eyne,
 Or in my heart, where thou shalt be for aye ;
 In sooth, I have but meeded out thy faie ;
 For twelve times twelve the moon hath been
 yblent, 40
 As many times hath vied the god of day,
 And on the grass her rays of silver sent,

Since thou didst choose me for thy sweet to be,
Enacting in the same most faithfully to me.

Oft have I seen thee at the noon-day feast,
When daisèd by thyself, for want of peers,
Awhile thy merrymen did laugh and jest,
On me thou seem'st all eyes, to me all ears.

Thou wardest me as if in hundred fears

Lest a disdainful look to thee be sent, 50
And offerings made me, more than thy
compeers,

Of scarfs of scarlet, and fine parament ;
All thy intent to please was lyssed to me,
I say it, I must strive that you rewarded be.

Æl. My little kindnesses which I did do

Thy gentleness doth corven them so great,
Like bawsyn elephants my gnats do shew ;
Thou dost my thoughts of paying love amate.

But had my actions stretched the roll of fate,
Plucked thee from hell, or brought heaven
down to thee, 60

Laid the whole world a footstool at thy feet,
One smile would be sufficient meed for me.

I am love's borrower, and can never pay,
But be his borrower still, and thine, my sweet, for
aye.

Ber. Love, do not rate your services so small,

As I to you, such love unto me bear ;

For nothing past will Bertha ever call,
Nor on a food from heaven think to cheer.

As far as this frail brittle flesh will spare,
Such, and no further, I expect of you ; 70

Be not too slack in love, nor over-dear ;

A small fire than a loud flame proves more
true.

Æl. Thy gentle wordès do thy volunde ken
To be more clergionde than is in most of men.

Enter CELMONDE and MINSTRELS

Cel. All blessings shower on gentle Ælla's head !
Oft may the moon, in silver shining light,
In varied changes varied blessings shed,
Scattering far abroad mischance's night ;
And thou, fair Bertha ! thou, fair dame, so
bright,
Long mayest thou with Ælla find much
peace, 80
With happiness, as with a robe, bedight,
With every changing moon new joys increase !
I, as a token of my love to speak,
Have brought you jugs of ale, at night your
brain to break.

Æl. When supper's past we'll drink your ale so
strong,
'Tide life, 'tide death.

Cel. Ye minstrels, chant your song.

Minstrels' Song, by a man and woman

Man. Turn thee to thy shcpherd swain,
Bright sun has not drunk the dew
From the flowers of yellow hue ;
Turn thee, Alice, back again. 90

Wom. No, deceiver, I will go,
Softly tripping o'er the mees,
Like the silver-footed doe,
Seeking shelter in green trees.

Man. See the moss-grown daisied bank,
 Peering in the stream below ;
 Here we'll sit, on dewy dank,
 Turn thee, Alice, do not go.

Wom. I've heard erste my grandame say,
 Young damoiselles should not be 100
 In the swotie month of May,
 With young men by the greenwood tree.

Man. Sit thee, Alice, sit and hark,
 How the blackbird chants his note,
 The chelandree, gray morn lark,
 Chanting from their little throat.

Wom. I heard them from each greenwood tree,
 Chanting forth so blatantly,
 Telling lecturnyes to me,
 Mischief is when you are nigh. 110

Man. See along the mees so green
 Pièd daisies, kingcups swote ;
 All we see, by none be seen,
 Naught but sheep sets here a fote.

Wom. Shepherd swain, you tear my gratche,
 Out upon you ! let me go ;
 Leave me swythe, or I'll alatche.
 Robin, this your dame shall know.

Man. See the crooking bryony
 Round the poplar twist his spray ; 120
 Round the oak the green ivy
 Flourisheth and liveth aye.

Let us seat us by this tree,
 Laugh, and sing to loving airs ;
 Come, and do not coyen be,
 Nature made all things by pairs.

Courted cats will after kind ;
 Gentle doves will kiss and coo.

Wom. But man, he must be ywrynde
 Till sir priest make one of two.

130

Tempt me not to the foul thing,
 I will no man's leman be ;
 Till sir priest his song doth sing,
 Thou shalt ne'er find aught of me.

Man. By Our Lady her Yborne,
 To-morrow, soon as it is day,
 I'll make thee wife, nor be forsworn,
 So 'tide me life or death for aye.

Wom. What doth lettè, but that now
 We at once, thus hand in hand,
 Unto divinistre may go,
 And be linked in wedlock's band ?

140

Man. I agree, and thus I plight
 Hand and heart, and all that's mine ;
 Good sir Roger, do us right,
 Make us one at Cuthbert's shrine.

Both. We will in a cottage live,
 Happy, though of no estate ;
 Every clocke more love shall give,
 We in goodness will be great.

150

Æl. I like this song, I like it mickle well ;
 And there is money for your singing now.
 But have you none that marriage-blessings tell ?

Cel. In marriage, blessings are but few, I trow.

Minst. Loverde, we have ; and, if you please, will sing,

As well as our chough-voices will permit.

Æl. Come then, and see you sweetly tune the string,

And stretch and torture all the human wit,
To please my dame.

Minst. We'll strain our wit and sing.

Minstrels' Song

First M. The budding flowerets blushes at the light, 160

The mees be sprinkled with the yellow hue ;

In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,

The nesh young cowslip bendeth with the dew ;

The trees enleafèd, unto heaven straught,

When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din
is brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dew along ;

The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne ;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,

Young ivy round the doorpost do entwine ;
I lay me on the grass ; yet, to my will, 170
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

Second M. So Adam thoughten when, in Paradise,
All heaven and earth did homage to his mind ;

In woman only mannes pleasure lies,
As instruments of joy were made the kind.

Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see
 Winter, and barren hills, will have a charm
 for thee.

Third M. When Autumn bleak and sunburnt do
 appear,
 With his gold hand gilding the falling
 leaf,
 Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year, 180
 Bearing upon his back the ripèd sheaf,
 When all the hills with woody seed is
 white,
 When lightning-fires and lemes do meet
 from far the sight ;

When the fair apple, red as even sky,
 Do bend the tree unto the fruitful
 ground,
 When juicy pears, and berries of black
 dye,
 Do dance in air, and call the eyes
 around ;

Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
 Methinks my hartys joy is steyncèd with
 some care.

Second M. Angels be wrought to be of neither
 kind, 190
 Angels alone from hot desire be free,
 There is a somewhat ever in the mind,
 That, without woman, cannot stillèd
 be
 No saint in cell, but, having blood and
 tere,
 Do find the sprite to joy on sight of
 woman fair.

Women be made, not for themselves, but
man,
Bone of his bone, and child of his
desire ;
From an ynutyle member first began,
Y-wrought with much of water, little
fire ;
Therefore they seek the fire of love, to
heat 200
The milkiness of kind, and make themselves
complete.

Albeit, without women, men were peers
To savage kind, and would but live to
slay ;
But woman oft the sprite of peace so
cheers,
To chelod in angels' joy they angels
be.
Go, take thee quickly to thy bed a wife,
Be banned, or blessed hie, in proving
marriage life.

Another Minstrel's Song, by
SYR THYBBOT GORGES

As Elinor by the green lesselle was sitting,
As from the sun's hetè she hurried,
She said, as her white hands white hosen was
knitting, 210
' What pleasure it is to be married !

My husband, Lord Thomas, a forester bold,
As ever clove pin or the basket,
Does no cherysauncys from Elinor hold,
I have it as soon as I ask it.

When I lived with my father in merry Cloud-dell,
 Tho' 'twas at my liefe to mind spinning ;
 I still wanted something, but what ne'er could tell ;
 My lord father's barbed hall had naught winning.

Each morning I rise, do I set my maidens, 220
 Some to spin, some to curdle, some bleaching ;
 If any new entered do ask for my aidens,
 Then quickly you find me a-teaching.

Lord Walter, my father, he lovèd me well,
 And nothing unto me was needing ;
 But, should I again go to merry Cloud-dell,
 In sooth it would be without redeynge'.

She said, and Lord Thomas came over the lea,
 As he the fat deerkins was chasing,
 She put up her knitting, and to him went she ; 230
 So we leave them both kindly embracing.

Æl. I like eke this ; go in unto the feast,
 We will permit you antecedent be ;
 There sweetly sing each carol, and yaped jest,
 And there is money, that you merry be.
 Come, gentle love, we will to spouse-feast go,
 And there in ale and wine be drownèd every
 woe.

Enter MESSENGER

Mess. Ælla, the Danes are thundering on our coast,
 Like shoals of locusts, cast up by the sea ;
 Magnus and Hurra, with a doughty host, 240
 Are raging, to be stilled by none but thee ;

Haste, swift as lightning, to these rovers flee,
 Thy dogs alone can tame this raging bull.

Haste quickly, for anigh the town they be,
 And Wedëcester's roll of doom be full.

Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the battle fly,
 For in a moment's space ten thousand men may die.

Æl. Beshrew thee for thy news ! I must be gone,
 Was ever luckless doom so hard as mine ?
 Thus from dysportysment to war to run, 250
 To change the silk vest for the gaberdine.

Ber. O ! like an adder, let me round thee twine,
 And hide thy body from the shafts of war.
 Thou shalt not, must not, from thy Bertha ryne,
 But ken the din of clarions from afar.

Æl. O love, was this thy joy, to shew the treat,
 Then, groffyshe, to forbid thy hungered guests
 to eat ?

O my upswelling heart, what words can say
 The pains, that passeth in my soul ybrent ?
 Thus to be torn upon my spousal day, 260
 O ! 'tis a pain beyond entendëment.
 Ye mighty gods, and is your favours sent,
 As thus, fast dented to a load of pain ?
 Must we aye hold in chase the shade content,
 And, for a bodykyn, a swarthe obtain ?
 O ! why, ye saints, oppress ye thus my soul ?
 How shall I speak my woe, my freme, my
 dreary dole ?

Cel. Sometimes the wisest lacketh poor man's rede.
 Reason and cunning wit oft flees away.
 Then, loverde, let me say, with homaged
 dread, 270
 (Beneath your feet y-lain), my counsel say.

If thus we let the matter lethlen lay,
 The foemen, every honde-poyncte, getteth
 foot.

My loverde, let the spearmen, dight for fray,
 And all the sabbataners go about.

I speak, my loverde, only to uprise
 Your wit from marvel, and the warrior to alyse.

Æl. Ah ! now thou puttest arrows in my heart,
 My soul doth now begin to see hersel',
 I will uprise my might, and do my part 280
 To slay the foemen in my fury fell.
 But how can tongue my ramping fury tell,
 Which riseth from my love to Bertha fair ?
 Nor could the queed, and all the might of hell,
 Found out impleasaunce of so black a geare.
 Yet I will be myself, and rouse my sprite
 To act with glory, and go meet the bloody fight.

Ber. No, thou shalt never leave thy Bertha's side,
 Nor shall the wind upon us blow alleyne ;
 I, like an adder, will unto thee bide, 290
 'Tide life, 'tide death, it shall behold us twain.
 I have my part of dreary dole and pain,
 It bursteth from me at the holtred eyne ;
 In tides of tears my swarthyng soul will drain ;
 If dreary dole is thine, 'tis two times mine.
 Go not, O Ælla ; with thy Bertha stay,
 For, with thy countenance, my soul will go away.

Æl. Oh ! 'tis for thee, for thee alone I fecl ;
 Yet I must be myself ; with valour's gear
 I'll dight my heart, and knot my limbs in
 steel, 300
 And shake the bloody sword and stainèd
 spear.

Ber. Can Ælla from his breast his Bertha tear?
 Is she so rough and ugsomme to his sight?
 Intriguing wight, is deadly war so dear?
 Thou prizest me below the joys of fight.
 Thou shalt not leave me, albeit the earth
 Hung pendant by thy sword, and cravèd for
 thy morthe.

Æl. Didst thou know how my woes, as stars ybrent,
 Headed by these wordès, do on me fall,
 Thou wouldest strive to give my heart content, 310
 Waking my sleeping mind to honour's call.
 Of happiness, I prize thee more than all
 Heaven can me send, or cunning wit acquire;
 Yet I will leave thee, on the foe to fall,
 Returning to thy eyen with double fire.

Ber. Must Bertha boon request, and be denied?
 Receive at once a dart, in happiness and pride?

Æl. Do stay, at least, till morrow's sun appears.
 Thou knowest well the Dacians' mighty power;
 With them a minute worketh bane for years; 320
 They undo realms within a single hour.
 Rouse all thy honour, Bertha; look attoure
 Thy bleeding country, which for hasty deed
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughty power,
 To royn its royners, make its foemen bleed.

Ber. Rouse all thy love, false and intriguing wight,
 Nor leave thy Bertha thus upon pretence of fight.

Thou needst not go, until thou hast command
 Under the signet of our lord the king.

Æl. And wouldest thou make me then a recreand? 330
 Holy Saint Mary, keep me from the thing!

Here, Bertha, thou hast put a double sting,
One for thy love, another for thy mind.

Ber. Offended Ælla, thine upbraiding blynge ;
'Twas love of thee that foul intent ywrynde.
Yet hear me supplicate, to me attend,
Hear from my groted heart the lover and the friend.

Let Celmonde in thine armour-brace be dight,
And in thy stead unto the battle go.

Thy name alone will put the Danes to flight, 340
The air that bears it would press down the foe.

Æl. Bertha, in vain thou wouldest me recreand do ;
I must, I will, fight for my country's weal,
And leave thee for it. Celmonde, swiftly go,
Tell my Brystowans to dight in steel ;
Tell them I scorn to know them from afar,
But leave the virgin bridal bed for bed of war.

[*Exeunt CELMONDE and Messenger.*

Ber. And thou wilt go ? Oh ! my agroted heart !

Æl. My country waits my march, I must away ;
Albeit I should go to meet the dart 350

Of certain death, yet here I would not stay.
But thus to leave thee, Bertha, doth asswaike
More torturing pains than can be said by
tyngue.

Yet rouse thy honour up, and wait the day,
When round about me song of war they
sing.

O Bertha, strive my torture to accaie,
And joyous see my arms, dight out in war array.

Ber. Difficile is the penance, yet I'll strive
 To keep my woe behyltren in my breast.
 Albeit naught may to me pleasure give, 360
 Like thee, I'll strive to set my mind at rest.
 Yet oh ! forgive if I have thee distressed ;
 Love, doughty love, will bear no other
 sway.
 Just as I was with Ælla to be blest,
 Fate foully thus hath snatchedèd him away.
 It was a tene too weighty to be born,
 Without an ounde of fears and breast with sighs
 y-torn.

Æl. Thy mind is now thyself ; why wilt thou be
 All pure, all kingly, all so wise in mind,
 Only to let poor wretched Ælla see 370
 What wondrous jewels he now must leave
 behind ?
 O Bertha fair, ward every coming wind,
 On every wind I will a token send ;
 On my long shield ycorne thy name thou'lт
 find ;
 But here comes Celmonde, wordie knight
 and friend.

Cel. Thy Bristol knights for thy forthcoming lynge ;
 Each one athwart his back his long war-shield
 doth sling.

Æl. Bertha, adieu ; but yet I cannot go.
Ber. Life of my soul, my gentle Ælla, stay ;
 Torture me not with such a dreary woe. 380
Æl. I must ; I will ; 'tis honour calls away.
Ber. Oh ! my agroted heart, braste, braste in twaie.
 Ælla, for honour, flies away from me !
Æl. Bertha, adieu ; I may not here obaie.
 I'm flying from myself in flying thee. [*Exit.*]

Ber. O Ælla, husband, friend, and loverde, stay ;
 He's gone, he's gone, alas ! perchance he's gone
 for aye. [Exit.

Cel. Hope, holy sister, sweeping through the sky,
 In crown of gold, and robe of lily white,
 Which far abroad in gentle air do fly, 390
 Meeting from distance the enjoyous sight,
 Albeit oft thou takest thy high flight
 Hecket in a mist, and with thine eyes yblent,
 Now comest thou to me with starry light ;
 Unto thy vest the red sun is adente ;
 The summer tide, the month of May appear
 Depycte with skilléd hand upon thy wide aumere.

I from a night of hopelen am adawed,
 Astonished at the festiveness of day ;
 Ælla, by naught more than his myndbruche
 awed, 400

Is gone, and I must follow to the fray;
 Celmonde can ne'er from any battle stay.
 Doth war begin ? there's Celmonde in the
 place ;
 But when the war is done, I'll haste away.
 The rest from 'neath time's mask must shew
 its face.

I see unnumbered joys around me rise,
 Blake standeth future doom, and joy doth me
 alyse.

Oh honour, honour, what is by thee hanne ?
 Happy the robber and the bordelyer,
 Who knows not thee, or is to thee bestanne, 410
 And nothing does thy mickle ghastness
 fear ;

Fain would I from my bosom all thee tear.
 Thou there dysperpellest thy lightning-
 brand ;
 Whilst my soul's forwyned, thou art the gare ;
 Slain is my comfort by thy fiery hand ;
 As some tall hill, when winds do shake the
 ground,
 It carveth all abroad, by bursting hidden wound.

Honour ! what be it ? 'tis a shadow's shade,
 A thing of wychencref, or idle dream,
 One of the fonnis which the clerche have
 made, 420
 Men without souls and women for to fleme.
 Knights, who oft know the loud din of the
 beme,
 Should be forgard to such enfeebling ways,
 Make every act, alyche their souls, be breme,
 And for their chivalry alone have praise.
 Oh thou, whate'er thy name, or Zabalus or
 Queed,
 Come, steel my sable sprite for strange and dole-
 ful deed ! [Exit.]

Scene, near WATCHET

*Enter MAGNUS, HURRA, and HIGH PRIEST, with
 the ARMY*

Mag. Quick, let the offerings to the gods begin,
 To know of them the issue of the fight.
 Put the blood-stainèd sword and pavyes in, 430
 Spread quickly all around the holy light.

HIGH PRIEST *singeth*

Ye, who high in murky air
 Dealeth seasons foul or fair,
 Ye, who, when ye were agguylte,
 The moon in bloody mantles hylte,
 Moved the stars, and did unbind
 Every barrier to the wind ;
 When the oundyng waves distressed
 Stroven to be overest,
 Sucking in the spire-girt town, 440
 Swallowing whole nations down,
 Sending death, on plagues astrodde,
 Moving like the earthès God,
 To me send your hest divine,
 Light enlighten all mine eyne,
 That I may now undevise
 All the actions of the emprise.

[*Falls down and afterwards riseth.*

‘Thus say the gods ; ‘Go, issue to the plain,
 For there shall meynte of mighty men be slain’.

Mag. Why, so there ever was, when Magnus
 fought, 450
 Oft have I treynted noyance through the
 host ;
 Athorowe swords, alyche the queed dis-
 traught,
 Have Magnus pressing wrought his foemen
 loaste.
 As when a tempest vexeth sore the coast,
 The sounding wave the sandy strand do tear,
 So did I in the war the javelin tossed,
 Full many a champion’s breast received my
 spear.

My shield, like summer morie gronfer drove,
My deadly spear, alyche a lightning-melted oak.

Hur. Thy words are great, full high of sound, and
eke

460

Like thunder, to the which doth come no
rain.

It lacketh not a doughty hand to speak ;
The cock sayeth least, yet armed is he alleyne.
Certès thy wordès maie thou might'st have
sayne

Of me, and many more, who eke can fight,
Who haveth trodden down the adventayle,
And torn the helms from heads of mickle
might.

Since then such might is placèd in thy hand,
Let blows thine actions speak, and by thy courage
stand.

Mag. Thou art a warrior, *Hurra*, that I ken, 470
And mickle famèd for thy handy deed.

Thou fightest against maidens, and not men,
Nor aye thou makest armèd hearts to bleed.
Oft I, caparisoned on bloody steed,
Haveth thee seen beneath me in the fight,
With corpses I investing every mead,
And thou aston, and wondering at my might.

Then wouldest thou come in for my renome,
Albeit thou wouldest run away from bloody
doom.

Hur. How ! but be bourne, my rage — I know
aright

480

Both thee and thine may not be worthy
peene ;

Eftsoon I hope we shall engage in fight,
Then to the soldiers all thou wilt bewreene.

I'll prove my courage on the armèd green,
 'Tis there alone I'll tell thee what I be.
 If I wield not the deadly spear adeene,
 Then let my name be full as low as thee.
 This my fastened shield, this my war-spear
 Shall tell the falling foe if Hurra's heart can
 fear.

Mag. Magnus would speak, but that his noble
 sprite

490

Doth so enrage, he knows not what to say.
 He'd speak in blows, in drops of blood he'd
 write,

And on thy heasod paint his might for aye.
 If thou against a wolfin's rage wouldest stay,
 'Tis here to meet it ; but if not, be goe,
 Lest I in fury should my arms display,
 Which to thy body will work mickle woe.
 Oh ! I be mad, distraught with burning rage,
 No seas of smoking gore will my chafed heart
 assuage.

Hur. I know thee, Magnus, well ; a wight thou
 art,

500

That dost aslee along in doled distress,
 Strong bull in body, lyoncelle in heart,
 I almost wish thy prowess were made less !
 When Ælla (name dressed up in ugsomness
 To thee and cowards) thundered on the
 plain,
 How didst thou thorowe first of fliers press !
 Swifter than feathered arrow didst thou reyne.
 A running prize on saint day to ordain,
 Magnus, and none but he, the running prize
 will gain.

Mag. Eternal plagues devour thy banèd tongue ! 510
 Myriads of adders prey upon thy sprite !
 Mayest thou feel all the pains of age whilst
 young,
 Unmanned, uneyed, excluded aye the light,
 Thy senses, like thyself, enwrapped in night,
 A scoff to foemen, and to beasts a peer.
 May forkèd lightning on thy head alight,
 May on thee fall the fury of the unweere,
 Fen-vapours blast thy every manly power,
 May thy bante body quick the loathsome pains
 devour !

Fain would I curse thee further, but my
 tyngue 520

Denies my heart the favour so to do.

Hur. Now by the Dacian gods, and heaven's king,
 With fury, as thou didst begin, pursue ;
 Call on my head all tortures that be rou,
 Bane on, till thy own tongue thy curses
 feel ;
 Send on my head the blighting lightning blue,
 The thunder loud, the swelling azure rele.
 Thy words be high of din, but naught beside,
 Bane on, good chieftain, fight with words of
 mickle pride ;

But do not waste thy breath, lest Ælla
 come. 530

Mag. Ælla and thee together sink to hell !
 Be your names blasted from the roll of doom !
 I fear not Ælla, that thou knowest well.
 Unlydgefulle traitor, wilt thou now rebel ?
 'Tis knowèn, that thy men be linked to
 mine,
 Both sent, as troops of wolves to slaughter
 fell ;
 But now thou lackest them to be all thine.

Now, by the gods that rule the Dacian state,
 Speak thou in rage once more, I will thee
 dysregate.

Hur. I prize thy threats just as I do thy banes, 540
 The seed of malice and recendize all.
 Thou art a stain unto the name of Danes ;
 Thou only to thy tongue for proof canst call.
 Thou beest a worm so grossile and so small,
 I with thy blood would scorn to foul my
 sword,
 But with thy weapons would upon thee fall,
 Alyche thy own fear, slay thee with a
 word.
 I Hurra am myself, and aye will be
 As great in valorous acts and in command as
 thee.

Enter a Messenger

Mes. Cease your contentions, chiefs ; for, as I
 stood 550
 Upon my watch, I spied an army coming,
 Not like a handful of a frightened foe,
 But black with armour, moving terribly,
 Like a black full cloud, that doth go along
 To drop in hail, and help the thunder-storm.
Mag. Are there many of them ?
Mes. Thick as the ant-flies in a summer's noon,
 Seeming as though they sting as persante too.

Hur. What matters that ? let's set our war-array.
 Go, sound the beme, let champions
 prepare, 560
 Not doubting, we will sting as fast as they.
 What, dost forgard thy blood ; is it for
 fear ?

Wouldest thou gain the town and castle-stere,

And yet not battle with the soldier-guard?

Go, hide thee in my tent, aneath the lere,

I of thy body will keep watch and ward.

Mag. Our gods of Denmark know my heart is good—

Hur. For naught upon the earth, but to be choughen's food!

Enter a second Messenger

Second M. As from my tower I kende the coming foe,

I spied the crossèd shield and bloody sword,

570

The furious Ælla's banner; within ken

The army is. Disorder through our host

Is flying, borne on wings of Ælla's name;

Stir, stir, my lords.

Mag. What, Ælla! and so near! Then Denmark's ruined. Oh! my rising fear!

Hur. What dost thou mean? This Ælla's but a man,

Now by my sword, thou art a very berne.

Of late I did thy coward valour scan,

When thou didst boast so much of action derne.

580

But I to war my doings must atturne,

To cheer the sabbataneres to deere deed.

Mag. I to the knights on every side will burn,

Telling them all to make their foemen bleed.

Such shame or death on either side will be,

My heart I will uprise, and in the battle slea.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, near WATCHET

Enter ÆLLA, CELMONDE, and ARMY

Æl. Now, having done our matins and our vows,
 Let us for the intended fight be boune ;
 And every champion put the joyous crown
 Of certain mastership upon his glist'ring
 brows. 590

As for my heart, I own it is, as e'er
 It has been in the summer-shine of fate,
 Unknowèn to the ugsomme garb of fear ;
 My blood embollen, with mastery elate
 Boils in my veins, and rolls in rapid state ;
 Impatient for to meet the piercing steel,
 And tell the world that Ælla died as great
 As any knight who fought for England's
 weal.

Friends, kin, and soldiers, in black armour
 drear,
 My actions imitate, my present counsel hear. 600

Therc is no house, athrow this fate-scorched
 isle,
 That has not lost a kin in these fell fights ;
 Fat blood has surfeited the hungered soil,
 And towns enlowèd lemèd up the nights.
 In gyte of fire our holy church they dyghtes ;
 Our sons lie storven in their smoking gore ;
 Up by the roots our tree of life they pyghtes,
 Vexing our coast, as billows do the shore.
 Ye men, if ye are men, display your name,
 Y-brende their troops, alyche the roaring
 tempest flame. 610

Ye Christians, do as worthy of the name,
These royners of our holy houses slea ;
Burst like a cloud from whence doth come the
flame,
Like torrents, gushing down the mountains,
be.
And when along the green their champions flee,
Swift as the red for-weltrynge lightning-
brand
That haunts the flying murderer o'er the lea,
So fly upon these royners of the land.
Let those that are unto their battayles fled
Take sleep eterne upon a fiery flaming bed. 620

Let coward London see her town on fire,
And strive with gold to stay the royners
hand ;
Ælla and Bristol haveth thoughts that's
higher,
We fight not for ourselves, but all the land.
As Severn's hyger layeth banks of sand,
Pressing it down beneath the running
stream,
With dreary din enswolters the high strand,
Bearing the rocks along in fury breme,
So will we bear the Dacian army down,
And through a storm of blood will reach the
champion's crown. 630

If in this battle luck ne wayte our gare,
To Bristol they will turn their fury dire ;
Bristol, and all her joys, will sink to air,
Burning perforce with unaccustomed fire.

Then let our safety doubly move our ire,
 Like wolfins, roving for the evening prey,
 Seeing the lamb and shepherd near the briar,
 Doth the one for safety, the one for hunger
 slay.

Then when the raven croaks upon the plain,
 Oh ! let it be the knell to mighty Dacians
 slain !

640

Like a red meteor shall my anlace shine,
 Like a strong lyoncelle I'll be in fight,
 Like falling leaves the Dacians shall be slain,
 Like a loud dinning stream shall be my
 might.

Ye men, who would deserve the name of
 knight,

Let bloody tears by all your paves be wept ;
 To coming times no poynelle shall ywrite,
 'When England had her foemen, Bristol
 slept'.

Yourselves, your children, and your fellows cry,
 'Go, fight in honour's cause, be brave, and win
 or die'.

650

I say no more ; your spryte the rest will say,
 Your spryte will wrynne that Bristol is
 your place ;

To honour's house I need not mark the way,
 In your own hearts you may the foot-path
 trace.

'Twixt fate and us there is but little space ;
 The time is now to prove yourselves be
 men ;

Draw forth the burnished bill with fetyve
 grace,

Rouse, like a wolfynne rousing from his
 den.

Thus I enrone my anlace. Go, thou sheath !
 I'll put it not in place, till it is sick with
 death. 660

Soldiers. On, Ælla, on ; we long for bloody fray,
 We long to hear the raven sing in vain ;
 On, Ælla, on ; we, certes, gain the day,
 When thou dost lead us to the deadly
 plain.

Cel. Thy speech, O loverde, fireth the whole
 train ;
 They pant for war, as hunted wolves for
 breath.
 Go, and sit crowned on corpses of the slain,
 Go and ywield the massy sword of death.
Soldiers. From thee, O Ælla, all our courage
 reigns,
 Each one in phantasy do lead the Danes in
 chains. 670

Æl. My countrymen, my friends, your noble
 sprites
 Speak in your eyes, and do your master
 tell,
 Swift as the rain-storm to the earth alights,
 So will we fall upon these royners fell.
 Our mowing swords shall plunge them down
 to hell,
 Their thronging corpses shall onlyghte the
 stars :
 The barrows bursting with the slain shall
 swell,
 Brynnynge to coming times our famous
 wars ;

In every eye I see the flame of might
 Shining abroad, alyche a hill-fire in the
 night. 680

When poynelles of our famous fight shall say,
 Each one will marvel at the dernie deed ;
 Each one will wissen he had seen the day,
 And bravely helped to make the foemen
 bleed.

But for their help our battle will not need,
 Our force is force enough to stay their hand.
 We will return unto this greenèd mead,
 O'er corses of the foemen of the land,
 Now to the war let all the clarions sound,
 The Dacian troops appear on yonder rising
 ground. 690

Chiefs, head your bands, and lead.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene, near WATCHET

Enter DANES flying

1 *Dane.* Fly, fly, ye Danes ! Magnus, the chief, is
 slain,
 The Saxons come with Ælla at their head ;
 Let's strive to get away to yonder green,
 Fly, fly ; this is the kingdom of the dead.

2 *Dane.* O gods ! have thousands by my anlace bled,
 And must I now for safety fly away ?
 See ! far besprengèd all our troops are spread,
 Yet I will singly dare the bloody fray.
 But no ! I'll fly, and murder in retreat, 700
 Death, blood, and fire shall mark the going of
 my feet.

3 *Dane.* Enthoghteynge for to 'scape the brondeynge
foe,

As near unto the billowed beach I came,
Far off I spied a sight of mickle woe,
Our towering battayles wrapped in sails of
flame ;

The armèd Dacians, who were in the same,
From side to side fled the pursuit of death,
The swelling fire their courage do inflame,
They leap into the sea, and bubbling yield
their breath ;

Whilst those that be upon the bloody plain, 710
Be death-doomed captivest ta'en, or in the
battle slain.

Hur. Now by the gods, Magnus, discourteous
knight,

By coward 'haviour haveth done our woe,
Dyspendynge all the tall men in the fight
And placing valorous men where dross
might go.

Sythence our fortune haveth turnèd so,
Gather the soldiers left to future shappe ;
To some new place for safety we will go ;
In future day we will have better hap.

Sound the loud clarion for a quick forloyne, 720
Let all the Dacians swythe unto our banner join.

Through hamlets we will sprengé sad death
and dole,

Bathe in hot gore, and wash ourselves
therein ;

Gods ! here the Saxons, like a billow, roll,
I hear the anlaces' detested din !

Away, away, ye Danes, to yonder penne,
We now will make retreat, in time to fight
again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CELMONDE

Cel. Oh for a spryte all fire ! to tell the day,
 The day which shall astound the hearer's rede,
 Making our foemen's envying hearts to
 bleed, 730
 Ybereynge through the world our rennomde
 name for aye.

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
 From the red east he flitted with his train,
 The hoürs drew away the robe of night,
 Her sable tapestry was rent in twain.
 The dancing streaks bedeckèd heaven's plain,
 And on the dew did smile with shimmering
 eye,
 Like drops of blood which do black armour
 stain,
 Shining upon the borne which standeth by.
 The soldiers stood upon the hillis side, 740
 Like young enleafèd trees which in a forest bide.

Ælla rose like the tree beset with briars,
 His tall spear shining as the stars at night,
 His eyes enseeming as a flame of fire ;
 When he encheerèd every man to fight,
 His gentle words did move each valourous
 knight.
 It moveth them, as hunters lyoncelle ;
 In trebled armour is their courage dight,
 Each warring heart for praise and glory
 swells ;
 Like slowly sounding of the croucheynge
 stream, 750
 Such did the murmuring sound of the whole
 army seem.

He leads them on to fight. Oh ! then to say
 How Ælla looked, and looking did
 encheere,
 Moving alyche a mountain in affraie,
 When a loud whirlwind do its bosom tear.
 To tell how every look would banish fear
 Would ask an angel's poyntelle or his tongue.
 Like a tall rock that riseth heaven-were,
 Like a young wolfynne furious and strong,
 So did he go, and mighty warriors head ; 760
 With gore-depicted wings mastery around him
 fled.

The battle joined ; swords upon swords did
 ring ;
 Ælla was chafed, as lions madded be ;
 Like falling stars, he did the javelin fling,
 His mighty anlace mighty men did slea ;
 Where he did come, the frightened foe did
 flee,
 Or fell beneath his hand, as falling rain ;
 With such a fury he did on them dree,
 Hills of their bowkes did rise upon the plain.
 Ælla, thou art—but stay, my tongue, say
 nee ; 770
 How great I him may make, still greater he
 will be.

Nor did his soldiers see his acts in vain ;
 Here a stout Dane upon his compheere
 fell,
 Here lord and hyndlette sank upon the
 plain,
 Here son and father trembled into hell,

Chief Magnus sought his way, and, shame to tell !

He sought his way for flight ; but Ælla's spear

Upon the flying Dacian's shoulder fell
Quite through his body, and his heart it tare ;

He groaned, and sank upon the gory green, 780
And with his corse encreased the piles of Dacians sleen.

Spent with the fight, the Danish champions stand,

Like bulls whose strength and wondrous might is fled ;

Ælla, a javelin gripped in either hand,
Flies to the throng, and dooms two Dacians dead.

After his act, the army all yspedde ;

From every one unmissing javelins flew ;

They stretched their doughty swords, the foemen bled ;

Full three of four of mighty Danes they slew.

The Danes, with terror ruling at their head, 790
Threw down their banner tall, and like a raven fled.

The soldiers followed with a mighty ery,

Cries that well might the stoutest hearts affray.

Swift as their ships, the vanquished Dacians fly ;

Swift as the rain upon an April day,

Pressing behind, the English soldiers slay ;
But half the tithes of Danish men remain.
Ælla commands they should the slaughter stay,
But bind them prisoners on the bloody
plain.

The fighting being done, I came away, 800
In other fields to fight a more unequal fray.

Enter a Squire

My servant squire, prepare a flying horse,
Whose feet are wings, whose pace is like
the wind,
Who will outstrip the morning light in course,
Leaving the mantles of the night behind ;
Some secret matters do my presence find.
Give out to all that I was slain in fight ;
If in this cause thou dost my order mind,
When I return, thou shalt be made a
knight.

Fly, fly, be gone ! an hoür is a day, 810
Quick dight my best of steeds, and bring him
here ; away !

[*Exit Squire.*]

Ælla is wounded sore, and in the town
He waiteth, till his wounds be brought to
ethe.
And shall I from his brows pluck off the
crown,
Making the victor in his victory blethe ?
Oh no ! full sooner should my heart's blood
smethe,
Full sooner would I tortured be to death !
But—Bertha is the prize ; ah ! it were ethe
To gain so gain a prize with loss of breath.

But then renown eterne—it is but air, 820
Bred in the phantasy, and only living there.

Albeit everything in life conspire
To tell me of the fault I now should do,
Yet would I battentlie assuage my fire,
And the same means, as I shall now,
pursue.

The qualities I from my parents drew
Were blood and murder, mastery and war;
These I will hold to now, and heed no moe
A wound in honour than a body-scar.

Now, Ælla, now I'm planting of a thorn, 830
By which thy peace, thy love, thy glory shall be
torn. [Exit.

[Exit.]

Scene, BRISTOL

Enter BERTHA and EGWINA.

Ber. Gentle Egwina, do not preach me joy;
I cannot joy in anything but weere.
Oh ! that aught should our happiness destroy,
Flooding the face with woe and briny tear !

Egw. You must, you must endeavour for to cheer
Your heart unto some comfortable rest.
Your loverde from the battle will appear,
In honour and a greater love be dressed ;
But I will call the minstrels' roundelay, 840
Perchance the swotie sound may chase your grief
away. [Enter Minstrels.

Minstrel's Song

Oh ! sing unto my roundelay ;

 Oh ! drop the briny tear with me ;
Dance no more at holiday ;

 Like a running river be.

 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,

 White his rode as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light ;

 Cold he lies in the grave below.

 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,

 Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabour, cudgel stout ;

 Oh ! he lies by the willow-tree.

 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing,

 In the briared dell below ;

Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing

 To the night-mares, as they go.

 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high,

 Whiter is my true love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
 Whiter than the evening cloud.

850

860

870

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid ;
Not onc holy saint to save
All the celness of a maid.

880

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll dente the briars,
Round his holy corse to gre,
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

890

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my hartys blood away ;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-trec.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I dic ! I come ! my true love waits ;—
Thus the damsel spake and died.

900

Ber. This singing haveth what could make it please,
But my uncourtly fate bereaves me of all ease.

[Exneut.]

*Scene, WATCHET**Enter ÆLLA*

Æl. Curse on my tardy wounds ! bring me a steed !
I will away to Bertha by this night ;
Albeit from my wounds my soul do bleed,
I will away, and die within her sight.
Bring me a steed, with eagle-wings for flight ;
Swift as my wish, and, as my love is, strong.
The Danes have wrought me mickle woe in
fight, 910
In keeping me from Bertha's arms so long.
Oh ! what a doom was mine, sythe mastery
Can give no pleasure, nor my land's good light
mine eye !

Ye gods, how is a lover's temper formed !
Sometimes the same thing will both bane
and bless ;
One time encalede, then by the same thing
warmed,
Estroughted forth and then ybrogten less.
'Tis Bertha's loss which do my thoughts
possess.
I will, I must away ; why stays my steed ?
My servants, hither haste ; prepare a dress 920
Which couriers in hasty journies need.
Oh heavens ! I must away to Bertha's eyne,
For in her looks I find my being do entwine.

*[Exit.]**Scene, BRISTOL**Enter CELMONDE*

Cel. The world is dark with night ; the winds are
still ;
Faintly the moon her pallid light makes gleam ;
The risen sprites the silent churchyard fill,
With elfin fairies joining in the dream ;

The forest shineth with the silver leme.

Now may my love be sated in its treat ;
Upon the bank of some swift running
stream, 930

At the sweet banquet I will sweetly eat.
This is the house ; ye hinds quickly appear.

Enter a Servant

Go tell to Bertha straight, a stranger waiteth
here. [Exit Servant.

Enter BERTHA

Ber. Celmonde ! ye saints ! I hope thou hast good
news.

Cel. The hope is lost ; for heavy news prepare.

Ber. Is Ælla well ?

Cel. He lives ; and still may use
The promised blessings of a future year.

Ber. What heavy tidings then have I to fear ?

Of what mischance didst thou so lately say ?

Cel. For heavy tidings quickly now prepare ; 940
Ælla sore wounded is, in battle's fray ;

In Wedæcester's wallèd town he lies.

Ber. O my agrotes breast !

Cel. Without your sight, he dies.

Ber. Will Bertha's presence ease her Ælla's pain ?
I fly ; new wings do from my shoulders
spring.

Cel. My steed without will deftly bear us twain.

Ber. Oh ! I will fly as wind, and noway lyng ;
Swiftly caparisons for riding bring.

I have a mind winged with the lightning
plume.

O Ælla ! Ælla ! didst thou know the
sting, 950
The which doth canker in my harty's room

Thou wouldest see plain thyself the cause to be ;
Arise, upon thy love, and fly to meeten me.

Cel. The steed on which I came is swift as air,
My servitors do wait me near the wood ;
Quickly with me unto the place repair,
To Ælla I will give you conduct good.
Your eyes, alyche a balm, will staunch his
blood,
Heal up his wounds, and give his heart all
cheer.
Upon your eyes he holds his livelihood ; 960
You do his sprite and all his pleasure bear.
Come, let's away, albeit it is moke,
Yet love will be a torch to turn to fire night's
smoke.

Ber. Albeit tempests did the welkin rend,
Rain, alyche falling rivers, did fierce be,
Earth with the air enchafèd did contend,
Everychone breath of wind with plagues did
sle,
Yet I to Ælla's eyes eftsoon would flee.
Albeit hawthorns did my flesh enseam,
Owlets, with shrieking, shaking every tree, 970
And water-adders wriggling in each stream,
Yet would I fly, nor under covert stay,
But seek my Ælla out ; brave Celmonde, lead
the way. [Exeunt.

Scene, A WOOD

Enter HURRA and DANES

Hur. Here in this forest let us watch for prey,
Revenging on our foemen our ill war ;
Whatever shall be English we will slay,
Spreading our ugsomme rennome to afar.

Ye Dacian men, if Dacian men ye are,
 Let naught but blood sufficient for ye be ;
 On every breast in gory letters scar, 980
 What sprites you have, and how those
 sprites may dree.

And if ye get away to Denmark's shore,
 Eftsoons we will return, and vanquished be no
 more.

The battle lost a battle was indeed ;
 Not queedes themselves could stand so hard
 a fray ;
 Our very armour and our helms did bleed,
 The Dacian's sprites, like dew-drops, fled
 away.

It was an Ælla did command the day ;
 In spite of foemen, I must say his might.
 But we in hynd-lettes' blood the loss will
 pay, 990

Shewing that we know how to win in fight.
 We will, like wolves enloosed from chains,
 destroy,—
 Our armours winter night, shut out the day
 of joy.

When swift-foot time do roll the day along,
 Some hamlet shall unto our fiery brend ;
 Bursting alyche a rock, or mountain strong,
 The tall church-spire upon the green shall
 bend ;
 We will the walls and ancient turrets rend,
 Pete every tree with golden fruit do bear.
 Down to the gods the owners thereof
 send, 1000
 Besprengynge all abroad sad war and bloody
 weere.

But first to yonder oak-tree we will fly,
 And thence will issue out on all that cometh
 by. [Exeunt.]

Scene, ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD

Enter CELMONDE and BERTHA

Ber. This darkness do affray my woman's breast ;
 How sable is the spreading sky arrayed !
 Happy the cottager, who lives to rest,
 Nor is at nightys flemynge hue dismayed.
 The stars do scantily the sable brayde ;
 Wide is the silver rays of comfort wove.
 Speak, Celmonde, does it make thee not
 afraid ? 1010

Cel. Darker the night, the fitter tide for love.

Ber. Sayest thou for love ? ah ! love is far away.
 Fain would I see once more the ruddy lights
 of day.

Cel. Love may be nigh, would Bertha call it here.

Ber. How, Celmonde, doth thou mean ?

Cel. This Celmonde means :
 No gleam, no eyes, nor mortal man appear,
 Nor light, an act of love for to bewreenc ;
 Naught in this forest but this torch doth
 sheen,
 The which, put out, do leave the whole in
 night.

See ! how the branching trees do here
 entwine, 1020

Making this bower so pleasing to the sight ;
 This was for love first made, and here it
 stands,
 That herein lovers may enlink in true love's
 bonds.

Ber. Celmonde, speak what thou meanest, or else my thoughts

Perchance may rob thy honesty so fair.

Cel. Then hear, and know, hereto I have you brought,

My long-hid love unto you to make clear.

Ber. Oh heaven and earth ! what is it I do hear ?

Am I betrayed ? Where is my Ælla, say ?

Cel. Oh do not now to Ælla such love bear, 1030
But geven some on Celmonde's head.

Ber. Away !

I will begone, and grope my passage out,
Albeit adder's stings my legs do twine about.

Cel. Now, by the saints, I will not let thee go,
Until thou dost my burning love amate.

Those eyes have causèd Celmonde mickle woe,

Then let their smile first take him in regrate.

O ! didst thou see my breastis troublous state,

There love doth harrow up my joy and ethe !

I wretched be, beyond the help of fate, 1040
If Bertha still will make my heart-veins blethe.

Soft as the summer flowerets, Bertha, look,
Full ill I can thy frowns and hard displeasure brook.

Ber. Thy love is foul ; I would be deaf for aye,
Rather than hear such deslavatie said ;

Quickly fly from me, and no further say,

Rather than hear thy love, I would be dead.

Ye saints ! and shall I wrong my Ælla's bed ?

And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempt me to the thing ?

Let me be gone—all curses on thy head ! 1050

Was it for this thou didst a message bring ?

Let me be gone, thou man of sable heart,
Or heaven and her stars will take a maiden's part.

Cel. Sythence you will not let my suit avail,
My love will have its joy, although with guilt ;

Your limbs shall bend, albeit strong as steel,
The gloomy season will your blushes hylte.

Ber. Help, help, ye saints ! Oh that my blood was spilt !

Cel. The saints at distance stand in time of need,
Strive not to go ; thou canst not, if thou wilt. 1060

Unto my wish be kind, and naught else heed.

Ber. No, foul deceiver ! I will rend the air,
Till death doth stay my din, or some kind traveller hear,

Help, help, oh God !

Enter HURRA and DANES

Hur. Ah ! that's a woman cries.
I know them ; say, who are you, that be there ?

Cel. Ye hinds, away ! or by this sword ye dies.

Hur. Thy words will ne'er my harty seat affear.

Ber. Save me ! oh save me from this roynor here !

Hur. Stand thou by me ; now say thy name and land,

Or quickly shall my sword thy body tear.

1070

Cel. Both I will shew thee by my furious hand.

Hur. Beset him round, ye Danes.

Cel. Come on, and see
If my strong anlace may bewryen what I be.

*Fight all against CELMONDE ; many Danes he
slayeth, and falleth to HURRA*

Cel. Oh ! I forslagen be ! Ye Danes, now ken
I am that Celmonde, second in the fight,
Who did, at Watchet, so forslege your men.
I feel mine eyes to swim in eterne night :—
To her be kind. [Dieth.]

Hur. Then fell a worthy knight.
Say, who be you ?

Ber. I am great Ælla's wife.

Hur. Ah !

Ber. If against him you harbour foul despite, 1080
Now with the deadly anlace take my life.
My thanks I ever on you will bestow,
From ewbryce you me plucked, the worst of
mortal woe.

Hur. I will ; it shall be so ; ye Dacians, hear :
This Ælla, haveth been our foe for aye ;
Thorowe the battle he did furious tear,
Being the life and head of every fray ;
From every Dacian power he won the day,
Forslagen Magnus, all our ships ybrente ;
By his fell arm we now are made to stray, 1090
The spear of Dacia he in pieces shente.

When hantoned barks unto our land did come,
Ælla the cause they said, and wished him
bitter doom.

Ber. Mercy !

Hur. Be still.

But yet he is a foeman good and fair,
When we are spent, he soundeth the forloyne ;
The captive's chain he tosseth in the air,
Cheerèd the wounded both with bread and
wine.

Has he not unto some of you been digne ?

You would have smoked on Wedëcestrian field,
But he behylte the clarion for to cleyne, 1100
Throwing on his wide back his wider-
spreading shield.

When you, as caytysned, in field did be,
He oathed you to be still, and straight did set
you free.

Shall we forslege his wife, because he's brave ?
Because he fighteth for his country's gare ?
Will he, who haveth been this Ælla's slave,
Rob him of what perchance he holdeth dear ?
Or shall we men of manly sprites appear,
Doing him favour for his favour done,
Swift to his palace this damoiselle bear, 1110
Declare our case, and to our way be gone ?

The last you do approve ; so let it be.
Damoiselle, come away ; you safe shall be with
me.

Ber. All blessings may the saints unto ye give !
All pleasure may your lengthened livings be !
Ælla, when knowing that by you I live,
Will think too small a gift the land and sea.

O Celmonde ! I may deftly read by thee,
 What ill betideth the enfoulèd kind.
 May not thy cross-stone of thy crime bewree ! 1120
 May all men know thy valour, few thy mind !
 Soldier ! for such thou art in noble fray,
 I will thy goings 'tend, and do thou lead the way.

Hur. The morning 'gins along the east to sheene ;
 Darkling the light do on the waters play ;
 The faint red light slow creepeth o'er the green,
 To chase the murkiness of night away ;
 Swift flies the hours that will bring out the
 day ;
 The soft dew falleth on the growing grass ;
 The shepherd-maiden, dighting her array, 1130
 Scarce sees her visage in the wavy glass.
 By the full daylight we shall Ælla see,
 Or Bristol's wallèd town ; damoiselle, follow me.
 [Exeunt.

Scene, BRISTOL

Enter ÆLLA and Servants

ÆL. 'Tis now full morn. I thoughten by last night
 To have been here ; my steed hath not my
 love.
 This is my palace ; let my hinds alight,
 Whilst I go up, and wake my sleeping dove.
 Stay here, my hyndlettes ; I shall go above.
 Now, Bertha, will thy look enheal my sprite,
 Thy smiles unto my wounds a balm will
 prove, 1140
 My leaden body will be set aright.

Egwina, haste, and ope the portal door,
That I on Bertha's breast may think of war no
more.

Enter EGWINA

Egw. Oh, Ælla !

Æl. Ah ! that countenance to me
Speaketh a legendary tale of woe.

Egw. Bertha is—

Æl. What ? where ? how ? say, what of she ?

Egw. Gone—

Æl. Gone ! ye gods !

Egw. Alas ! it is too true.

Ye saints, he dies away with mickle woe !

Ælla ! what ? Ælla ! Oh ! he lives again !

Æl. Call me not Ælla ; I am him no moe. 1150
Where is she gone away ? ah ! speak !
how ? when ?

Egw. I will.

Æl. Caparison a score of steeds ; fly ! fly !
Where is she ? quickly speak, or instant thou
shalt die.

Egw. Still thy loud rage, and hear thou what I
know.

Æl. Oh ! speak.

Egw. Like primrose, drooping with the
heavy rain,
Last night I left her, drooping with her weere,
Her love the cause that gave her heart
such pain.

Æl. Her love ! to whom ?

Egw. To thee, her spouse alleyne.
As is my hentylle every morn to go,
I went, and oped her chamber door in
twain, 1160
But found her not, as I was wont to do.

Then all around the palace I did seere,
 But could (to my heart's woe) not find her any
 where.

Æl. Thou liest, foul hag ! thou liest ! thou art her
 aid

To cheer her lust :—but no ; it cannot be.

Egw. If truth appear not in what I have said,
 Drawforth thine anlace, quickly then me slea.

Æl. But yet it must, it must be so ; I see,
 She with some lusty paramour is gone.
 It must be so.—Oh ! how it racketh me ! 1170
 My race of love, my race of life, is run.

Now rage, and furious storm, and tempest come !
 Naught living upon earth can now enswote my
 doom.

Enter a Servant

Ser. Loverde ! I am about the truth to say.
 Last night, full late I did return to rest.
 As to my chamber I did bend my way,
 To Bertha one his name and place addressed ;
 Down to him came she, but thereof the rest
 I know no matter ; so, my homage made—

Æl. Oh ! speak no more ; my heart flames in its
 hest. 1180

I once was Ælla, now be not its shade.
 Had all the fury of misfortune's will
 Fallen on my bennèd head, I had been Ælla still.

This only was unarmed, of all my sprite :
 My honour, honour, frowned on the soft
 wind
 That steekèd on it ; now with rage I'm
 pyghte ;
 A furious tempest is my tortured mind.

My honour yet some drybblet joy may find,
 To the Dane's wounds I will another give.
 When thus my glory and my peace is
 rynde, 1190

It were a cowardice to think to live.

My servants, unto every asker tell,
 If nobly Ælla lived, as nobly Ælla fell.

[*Stabbeth his breast.*]

Ser. Ælla is slain ; the flower of England's marred !

Æl. Be still ; quick let the churches ring my
 knell.

Call hither brave Coërnyke ; he, as ward
 Of this my Bristol castle, will do well.

[*Knell rings.*]

Enter COËRNYKE

Æl. (to *Coër.*) Thee I ordain the ward ; so all may
 tell.

I have but little time to drag this life ;
 My deadly tale, alyche a deadly bell, 1200
 Sound in the ears of her I wished my wife.

But ah ! she may be fair.

Egw. That she must be.

Æl. Ah ! say not so ; that word would Ælla doubly
 slea.

Enter BERTHA and HURRA

Æl. Ah ! Bertha here !

Ber. What sound is this ? What means this deadly
 knell ?

Where is my Ælla ? speak ; where ? how is
 he ?

Oh Ælla ! art thou then alive and well ?

Æl. I live indeed ; but do not live for thee.

Ber. What means my Ælla?

Æl. Here my meaning see.

Thy foulness urged my hand to give this
wound;

It me unsprites.

Ber. It hath unsprited me. 1210

Æl. Ah heavens! my Bertha falleth to the
ground!

But yet I am a man, and so will be.

Hur. Ælla! I am a Dane, but yet a friend to thee.

This damoiselle I found within a wood,
Striving full hard against an armèd swain.
I sent him miring in my comrades' blood.
Celmonde his name, chief of thy warring
train.

This damoiselle sought to be here again,
The which, albeit foemen, we did will;
So here we brought her with you to
remain. 1220

Corr. Ye noble Danes! with gold I will you fill.

Æl. Bertha, my life! my love! Oh, she is fair.

What faults could Bertha have? What faults
could Ælla fear?

Ber. Am I then thine? I cannot blame thy fear,

But do rest me upon my Ælla's breast.

I will to thee declare the woeful gare.

Celmonde did come to me at time of rest,

Wordeyng for me to fly, at your request,

To Watchet town, where you deceasing lay.

I with him fled; through a dark wood we
pressed, 1230

Where he foul love unto my ears did say;

The Danes—

Æl. Oh ! I die content.— [Dieth.]

Ber. Oh ! is my Ælla dead ?

Oh ! I will make his grave my virgin spousal
bed. [BERTHA fainteth.

Coër. What? *Ælla* dead? and *Bertha* dying too?

So falls the fairest flowerets of the plain.

Who can explain the wurchys heaven can do,

Or who untwist the roll of fate in twain?

Ella, thy glory was thy only gain,

For that, thy pleasure and thy joy was lost.

Thy countrymen shall rear thee, on the
plain, 1240

A pile of carnes, as any grave can boast.

Further, a just reward to thee to be,

In heaven thou sing of God, on earth we'll
sing of thee.

THE END

GODDWYN

A TRAGEDIE

BY THOMAS ROWELIE

PROLOGUE

MADE BY MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE

WHILOM by writers much ungentle name
Have upon Godwin, earl of Kent, been
laid,
Thereby bereaving him of faith and fame ;
Unliart divinistres haveth said,
That he was knownen to no holy wurch ;
But this was all his fault, he gifted not the
church.

The author of the piece which we enact,
Although a clergyman, truth will write ;
In drawing of his men, no wit is lacked,
Even a king might be full pleased to-
night. 10

Attend, and mark the parts now to be done,
We, better for to do, do challenge any one.

GODDWYN

Enter GODDWYN and HAROLDE

God. Harold !

Har. My loverde !

God. O ! I weep to think
What foemen riseth to devour the land.
They fatten on her flesh, her heart's blood drink,
And all is granted from the royal hand.

Har. Let not thy grievance cease, nor idly stand.
Be I to weep ? I weep in tears of gore.

Am I deceived ? So should my angry bronde
Display the wrongs on him from whom I
bore.

God. I know thy sprite full well ; gentle thou art,
Strong, terrible, grim, as smoking armies
seem ; 10
Yet oft, I fear, thy heat's too great a part,
And that thy rede be oft born down by breme.
What tidings from the king ?

Har. His Normans know ;
I make no compheeres of the shimmering train.

God. Ah Harold ! 'tis a sight of mickle woe,
To know these Normans every glory gain.
What tiding with the folk ?

Har. Still murmuring at their fate, still to the king
They roll their troubles, like a surgy sea.

Hath England then a tongue, but not a
sting ? 20

Doth all complain, yet none will righted be ?

God. Await the time, when God will send us aid.

Har. No ; we must strive to aid ourselves with power.

When God will send us aid ! 'tis nobly prayed !

Must we thus cast away the livelong hour ?

Thus cross our arms, and not to live dareygne,
Unarmed, inactive, unespryte ?

Far from my heart be fled such thought of pain,
I'll free my country, or I'll die in fight.

God. But let us wait until some season fit. 30

My Kentishmen, thy Summertons shall rise ;
Adented prowess to the robe of wit,

Again the argent horse shall dance in skies.

Oh Harold, here distracting wanhope lies.

England, Oh England ! 'tis for thee I blethe.

Whilst Edward to thy sons will naught alyse,
Should any of thy sons feel aught of ethe ?

Upon the throne I set thee, held thy crown ;

But oh ! 'twere homage now to pluck thee down.

Thou art all priest and nothing of the king, 40

Thou art all Norman, nothing of my blood.

Know, it becomes thee not a mass to sing ;

Serving thy liege-folk, thou art serving God.

Har. Then I'll do heaven a service. To the skies

The daily contekes of the land ascend.

The widow, fatherless, and bondsmen's cries

Acheke the murky air and heaven astende.

On us, the rulers, do the folk depend.

Cut off from earth these Norman slaves shall be.

Like a loud-roaring flame, my sword shall brend, 50

Like falling soft raindrops, I will them slea.

We wait too long; our purpose will defayte,
Aboune the high emprise, and rouse the
champions straight.

God. Thy sister—

Har. Aye, I know, she is his queen ;
Albeit, did she speak her foemen fair,
I would destroy her comely seemlykeene,
And fold my bloody anlace in her hair.

God. Thy fury cease—

The red-stained brigandine, the aventayle,
The fiery anlace broad shall make my cause
prevail.

God. Harold, what wouldest do?

Har. Bethink thee what.

Here lieth England, all her rights unfree,
Here lieth Normans cutting her by lot,
Forbidding every native plant to gre,
What would I do? I furious would them slea,
Tear out their sable heart by rightful breme.
Their death a means unto my life should
be, 70
My sprite should revel in their heart-blood
stream.

Eftsoons I will declare my rageful ire,
And Goddis anlace wield in fury dire.

God. What wouldest thou with the king?

Har. Take off his crown;

The ruler of some minster him ordain,
Set up some worthier than I have plucked
down,

And peace in England should be brayd again.

God. No, let the super-holy saint-king reign,

And some more reded rule the untentyff
realm;

King Edward, in his courtesy, will deign 80

To yield the spoils, and only wear the helm.

But from my heart be every thought of gain,

Not any of my kin I wish him to ordain.

Har. Tell me the means, and I will 'bout it straight;
Bid me to slay myself, it shall be done.

God. To thee I will quickly the means unplayte,
By which thou, Harold, shalt be proved my
son.

I have long seen what pains were under-
gone,

What grievances branch out from the general
tree.

The time is coming when the mollock
gron 90

Drainèd of all its swelling waves shall be.

My remedy is good; our men shall rise,

Eftsoon the Normans and our grievance flies.

Har. I will to the west, and gemote all my knights,
With bills that pant for blood, and shields as
brede

As the y-brochèd moon, when white she
dights

The woodland ground or water-mantled
mead;

With hands whose might can make the
doughtiest bleed,

Who oft have knelt upon forslagen foes,
Who with their feet o'er set a castle-
stede, 100

Who dare on kings for to revenge their woes.

Now will the men of England hail the day,

When Goddwyn leads them to the rightful fray.

God. But first we'll call the loverdes of the west,
The earls of Mercia, Coventry, and all.

The more we gain, the cause will prosper best,
With such a number we can never fall.

Har. True, so we shall do best to link the chain,
And all at once the spreading kingdom bind.
No crossèd champion with a heart more
fain 110

Did issue out the holy sword to find,
Than I now strive to rid my land of pain.
Goddwyn, what thanks our labours will
enheap !

I'll rouse my friends unto the bloody plain;
I'll wake the honour that is now asleep.

When will the chiefs meet at thy festive hall,
That I with voice aloud may there upon them
call?

God. Next eve, my son.

Har. Now, England, is the time,
When thee or thy fell foeman's cause must
die.

Thy geason wrongs be run into their
prime; 120

Now will thy sons unto thy succour fly;

Alyche a storm assembling in the sky,

 'Tis full, and bursteth on the barren ground,
So shall my fury on the Normans fly,

 And all their mighty men be slain around.

Now, now will Harold or oppression fall,

No more the Englishmen in vain for help shall
call. [Exeunt.

Enter King EDWARD and his Queen

Queen. But, loverde, why so many Normans here?

 Me thinketh, we be not in English land,
These browded strangers alway do
 appear, 130

 They part your throne, and sit at your
right hand.

King. Go to, go to, you do not understand.

 They gave me life, and did my person
keep;

 They did me feast, and did embower me
grand;

 To treat them ill would let my kindness
sleep.

Queen. Mancas you have in store, and to them part;
Your liege-folk make much dole, you have
their worth asterte.

King. I ask no rede of you. I know my friends.

 Holy are they, full ready me to hele.

 Their volundes are y-storven to self
ends, 140

 No denwere in my breast I of them feel.

 I must to prayers; go in, and you do well;

 I must not lose the duty of the day;

 Go in, go in, and view the azure rele,

 Full well I wot you have no mind to pray.

Queen. I leave you to do homage heaven-were;

 To serve your liege-folk too, is doing homage
there. [Exit Queen.

Enter Sir HUGH

King. My friend, Sir Hugh, what tidings brings thee here ?

Hugh. There are no mancas in my loverde's ente ;
The house expenses unpaid do appear, 150
The last receivure is eftsoon dispent.

King. Then guylde the west.

Hugh. My loverde, I did speak
Unto the mitte earl Harold of the thing ;
He raised his hand, and smote me on
the cheek,
Saying, 'Go, bear that message to the
king'.

King. Divest him of his power ; by Goddis word,
No more that Harold shall y-wield the erlies
sword.

Hugh. At season fit, my loverde, let it be,
But now the folk do so embrace his name,
In striving to slea him, ourselves we
slea ; 160
Such is the doughtiness of his great fame.

King. Hugh, I bethink, thy rede is not to blame.
But thou mayest find full store of marks
in Kent.

Hugh. My noble loverde, Goddwyn is the same ;
He swears he will not swell the Norman's
ente.

King. Ah traitor ! but my rage I will command ;
Thou art a Norman, Hugh, a stranger to the
land.

Thou knowest how these English earls do
bear
Such firmness in the ill and evil thing,
But at the good they hover in denwere, 170
Onknowlachynge if thereunto to cling.

Hugh. Unworthy such a marvel of a king !

 Oh Edward ! thou deservest purcr leege,
 To thee they shoulden all their mancas
 bring,

 Thy nod should save men, and thy frown
 forslege.

I am no flatterer, I lack no wite,
I speak what be the truth, and what all see is
 right.

King. Thou art a holy man, I do thee prize.

 Come, come, and hear, and help me in my
 prayers,

 Full twenty mancas I will thee alyse, 180

 And twain of hamlets to thee and thy heirs.

So shall all Normans from my land be fed,
They only have such love as to acquire their
 bread.

[*Exeunt.*]

Chorus

When freedom, dressed in bloodstained vest,

 To every knight her warsong sung,

Upon her head wild weeds were spread,

 A gory anlace by her hung.

 She dancèd on the heath,

 She heard the voice of death.

Pale-eyed affright, his heart of silver hue,

190

 In vain assayled her bosom to acale.

She heard, onflemed, the shrieking voice of woe,

 And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.

 She shook the armèd spear,

 On high she raised her shield,

 Her foemen all appear,

 And fly along the field.

Power, with his heasod straught into the skies,
 His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star ;
 Alyche two flaming meteors rolls his eyes, 200
 Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.

She sits upon a rock,
 She bends before his spear,
 She rises from the shock,
 Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
 Wit, closely mantled, guides it to his crown ;
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone,
 He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.
 War, gore-faced war, by envy armed, arist, 210
 His fiery helmet nodding to the air,
 Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist—

* * * * *

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS

By T. ROWLEIE

WHEN Scythians, savage as the wolves they chased,
 Painted in horrowe forms by nature dight,
 Wrappèd in beast-skins, slept upon the waste,
 And with the morning roused the wolf to fight.
 Swift as descending rays of ruddy light
 Plunged to the hidden bed of laving seas,
 Rent the black mountain-oaks, in pieces twight,
 And ran in thought along the azure mees,
 Whose eyes did fiery shine, like blue-haired defs,
 That dreary hang upon Dover's emblanched cliffs. 10

Soft-bounding over swelling azure reles,
 The savage natives saw a ship appear.
 An unknown tremor to their bosom steals,
 Their might is fastened in the frost of fear.

The headed javelin boundeth here and there ;
 They stand, they run, they look with eager eyne.
 The ship's sail, swelling with the kindly air,
 Runneth to harbour from the beating brine.
 They drive away aghast, when to the strand
 An armèd Trojan leaps, with morglaien sword in
 hand. 20

Him followed eftsoon his compheeres, whose swords
 Glistered like livid stars in frosty neet,
 Hailing their captain in chirckynge words
 King of the land, whereon they set their feet.
 The great king Brutus then they did him greet,
 Prepared for battle, marshallèd the fight.
 They urged the war, the natives fled as fleet
 As flying clouds that swim before the sight ;
 Till tired with battles, for to cease the fray,
 They uncted Brutus king, and gave the Trojans
 sway. 30

Twain of twelve years have lighted up the minds,
 Alloyed the savage unthewes of their breast,
 Improved in mystic war, and lymed their kinds,
 When Brute from Britons sank to eterne rest.
 Eftsoon the gentle Locrine was possessed
 Of sway, and vested in the parament ;
 Haleeld the warring Huns, who did infest
 His waking kingdom with a foul intent ;
 As his broad sword o'er Humber's head was hung,
 He turned to river wide, and roaring rolled along. 40

He wedded Gwendoline of royal seed,
 Upon whose countenance red health was spread ;
 Blushing alyche the scarlet of her weed,
 She sank to pleasure on the marriage-bed.

Eftsoon her peaceful joy of mind was fled ;
 Elstrid ametten with the king Locrine.
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her shed,
 Much fine, much fairer, than was Gwendoline ;
 The morning tinge, the rose, the lily flower,
 In ever-running race, on her did paint their power. 50

The gentle suit of Locrine gained her love,
 They lived soft moments to a swotie age,
 Oft wandering in the coppice, dell, and grove,
 Where no one eyes might their disport engage ;
 There did they tell the merry loving fage,
 Crop the primrosen flower to deck their head.
 The fiery Gwendoline, in woman-rage,
 Assembled warriors to revenge her bed.
 They rose ; in battle was great Locrine sleen ;
 The fair Elstrida fled from the enraged queen. 60

A tie of love, a daughter fair she hanne,
 Whose budding morning shewèd a fair day,
 Her father Locrine, once a happy man.
 With the fair daughter did she haste away,
 To where the western mighty piles of clay
 Arise into the clouds, and do them bear ;
 There did Elstrida and Sabrina stay,
 The first tricked out awhile in warrior's gratch and
 gear,
 Vincent was she y-clept, but full soon fate
 Sent death to tell the dame she was not in regrate. 70

The queen Gwendoline sent a giant knight,
 Whose doughty head swept the emmertleynge
 skies,
 To slay her wheresoe'er she should be pyghte,
 Eke every one who should her help emprise.

Swift as the roaring winds the giant flies,
 Stayed the loud winds, and shaded realms in night,
 Stepped over cities, on meint acres lies,
 Meeting the herehaughtes of morning light ;
 Till, moving to the west, mischance his gye,
 He thorowe warrior's gratch fair Elstrid did espy. 80

He tore a ragged mountain from the ground,
 Harried up nodding forests to the sky,
 Then with a fury, might the earth astound,
 To middle air he let the mountain fly ;
 The flying wolfins sent a yelling cry ;
 On Vincent and Sabrina fell the mount ;
 To live eternal did they eftsoon die.
 Thorowe the sandy grave boiled up the purple
 fount,
 On a broad grassy plain was laid the hill,
 Staying the running course of many a glassy rill. 90

The gods, who knew the actions of the wight,
 To lessen the sad hap of twain so fair,
 Hollow did make the mountain by their might ;
 Forth from Sabrina ran a river clear,
 Roaring and rolling on in course bysmare ;
 From female Vincent shot a ridge of stones,
 Each side the river rising heaven-were ;
 Sabrina's flood was held in Elstrid's bones.
 So are they clepèd ; gentle and the hind
 Can tell that Severn's stream by Vincent's rock's
 y-wrynde. 100

The bawsyn giant, he who did them slea,
 To tell Gwendoline quickly was y-spedde ;
 When, as he strode along the shaking lea,
 The ruddy lightning glistened on his head ;

Into his heart the azure vapours spread ;
 He writhed around in dreary cruel pain ;
 When from his life-blood the red flames were fed,
 He fell an heap of ashes on the plain ;
 Still does his ashes shoot into the light,
 A wondrous mountain high, and Snowdon is it
 hyghte.

110

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE

(AS WROten BIE THE GODE PRIEST,
 THOMAS ROWLEY, 1464)

IN Virginè the sweltry sun 'gan sheene,
 And hot upon the mees did cast his ray ;
 The apple ripened from its paly green,
 And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray ;
 The pied chelàndre sung the livelong day ;
 'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
 And eke the ground was dressed in its most neat
 aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
 Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 When from the sea arose in drear array 10
 A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the sunnīs beauteous face,
 And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up
 apace.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway-side,
 Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent led,
 A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
 Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
 Long fillèd with the miseries of need.

Where from the hailstone could the beggar fly? 20
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his clouded face, his sprite there scan ;
How woe-begone, how withered, sapless, dead !
Haste to thy church-glebe-house, accursèd man !
Haste to thy kiste, thy only sleeping bed.
Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Is charity and love among high elves ;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselvcs.

The gathered storm is ripe ; the big drops fall,
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the
rain ; 30
The coming ghastness do the cattle 'pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain ;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again ;
The welkin opes ; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide lowings dics.

List ! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended,
drowned,
Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs ;
The winds are up ; the lofty elmen swangs ; 40
Again the lightning and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came ;
His chapournette was drentèd with the rain,
And his pencte girdle met with mickle shame ;
He backwards told his bedc-roll at the same
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor aims-craver near to the holm to bide.

His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth so fine, 50
 With a gold button fastened near his chin,
 His autremete was edged with golden twine,
 And his shoe's peak a loverde's might have been ;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten cost no sin.

The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
 For the horse-milliner his head with roses dight.

'An alms, sir priest !' the drooping pilgrim said,
 'Oh ! let me wait within your convent-door,
 Till the sun shineth high above our head,
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er. 60
 Helpless and old am I, alas ! and poor.

No house, no friend, no money in my pouch,
 All that I call my own is this my silver crouche'.

'Varlet !' replied the Abbot, 'cease your din ;
 This is no season alms and prayers to give,
 My porter never lets a beggar in ;
 None touch my ring who not in honour live'.
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
 And shedding on the ground his glaring ray ;
 The abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoon rode
 away. 70

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen ;
 Not dight full proud, not buttoned up in gold,
 His cope and jape were grey, and eke were clean ;
 A limitour he was of order seen ;
 And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
 Wherc the poor beggar lay beneath the elmen tree.

'An alms, sir priest !' the drooping pilgrim said,
 'For sweet Saint Mary and your order sake'.
 The limitour then loosened his pouch-thrcad, 80
 And did thereout a groat of silver take :
 The nedly pilgrim did for hallinc shake,

‘Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God’s stewards all, naught of our own we
bear.

But ah ! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
Scathe any give a rent-roll to their Lord ;
Here, take my semi-cope, thou’rt bare, I see,
’Tis thine ; the saints will give me my reward’.
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
Virgin and holy saint, who sit in gloure, 90
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power.

TO JOHNE LADGATE

SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING ‘SONGE TO ÆLLA’)

WELL, then, good John, since it must needs be so,
That thou and I a bouting-match must have,
Let it not breaking of old friendship do,
This is the only all-a-boone I crave.

Remember Stowe, the Bristol Carmelite,
Who, when John Clarkynge, one of mickle lore,
Did throw his gauntlet-pen, with him to fight,
He shewed small wit, and shewed his weakness more.

This is my ’fornance, which I now have writ,
The best performance of my little wit. 10

SONGE TO ÆLLA,

LORD OF THE CASTLE OF BRISTOL IN DAYS OF YORE

OH thou, or what remains of thee,
 Ælla, the darling of futurity,
 Let this my song bold as thy courage be,
 As everlasting to posterity.

When Dacia's sons, whose hairs of blood-red hue,
 Like king-cups bursting with the morning dew,

Arranged in drear array,

Upon the deadly day,

Spread far and wide on Watchet's shore ;
 Then didst thou furious stand,
 And by thy valiant hand
 Besprenged all the mees with gore.

10

Drawn by thine anlace fell,
 Down to the depths of hell
 Thousands of Dacians went ;
 Brystowans, men of might,
 Y-dared the bloody fight,
 And acted deeds full quent.

Oh thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
 Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
 Whether upon the blood-embruèd plain,
 Or where thou know'st from far
 The dismal cry of war,
 Or seest some mountain made of corse of slain ;

20

Or seest the hatchèd steed
 Y-prancing o'er the mead,
 And neigh to be among the pointed spears ;
 Or, in black armour stalk around
 Embattled Bristol, once thy ground,
 And glow, ardurous, on the castle-stairs ;

30

Or fiery round the minster glare,
 Let Bristol still be made thy care ;
 Guard it from foemen and consuming fire.
 Like Avon's stream, ensyrke it round,
 Nor let a flame enharm the ground,
 Till in one flame all the whole world expire.

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES WERE COMPOSED
 BY JOHN LADGATE, A PRIEST IN LONDON,
 AND SENT TO ROWLIE, AS AN ANSWER TO THE
 PRECEDING 'SONGE TO AELLA'.

HAVING with much attention read
 What you did to me send,
 Admire the verses much I did,
 And thus an answer lend.

Among the Greecès Homer was
 A poet much renowned,
 Among the Latins Virgilius
 Was best of poets found.

The British Merlin often hanne
 The gift of inspiration,
 And Alfred to the Saxon men
 Did sing with elocation.

10

In Norman times, Turgotus and
 Good Chaucer did excel,
 Then Stowe, the Bristol Carmelitic
 Did bear away the bell.

Now Rowlie in these mokie days
 Lends out his shining lights,
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lives
 In every line he writes.

20

THE TOURNAMENT

AN INTERLUDE

Enter a Herald

Herald. The tournament begins ; the hammers sound ;
 The coursers lysse about the measured field ;
 The shimmering armour throws the sheen around,
 Quaintissèd fons depicted on each shield.
 The fiery helmets, with the wreaths amield,
 Supports the romping lyoncelle or bear,
 With strange depyctures nature may not yield,
 Unseemly to all order do appear,
 Yet that to men, who think and have a sprite,
 Makes knownen that the phantasy's unright. 10

I, son of honour, 'spenser of her joys,
 Must quickly go to givc the spears around ;
 With adventayle and borne I meynt employ,
 Who without me would fall unto the ground.
 So the tall oak the ivy twisteth round,
 So the nesh flower grows in the woodland shade.
 The world by difference is in order found,
 Without unlikeness nothing could be made ;
 As in the bowke naught only can be done,
 So in the weal of kind all things are parts of one.

Enter Sir SIMON DE BOURTONNE

Bour. Herald, by heaven, these tilters stay too long,
 My phantasy is dying for the fight ;
 The minstrels have begun the third war-song,
 Yct not a spear of them hath greet my sight.
 I fear there be no man worthy my might.
 I lack a Guid, a William to entilt.
 To run against a feeble-bodied knight,
 It gets no glory if his blood be spilt.
 By heaven and Mary, it is time they're here.
 I like not useless thus to wield the spear. 30

Her. Methinks I hear their clarion's sound from
 far.

Bour. Ah ! quickly my shield and tilting-lance be
 bound ;
 Eftsoon command my squire to the war.
 I fly before to claim a challenge-ground.

[*Exit.*]

Her. Thy valorous acts would meynte of men
 astound,
 I hard be their fate encountering thee in fight ;
 Against all men, thou bearest to the ground,
 Like the hard hail doth the tall rushes pyghte.
 As when the morning sun y-dronks the dew,
 So doth thy valorous acts drink each knight's
 hue. 40

The Lists. *Enter the KING, Sir SIMON DE BOURTONNE, Sir HUGO FERRARIS, Sir RANULPH NEVILLE, Sir LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, Sir JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, and other Knights, Heralds, Minstrels, and Servitors.*

King. The barganette ! ye minstrels, tune the string,
Some action dire of ancient kings now sing.

Minst. William, the Norman's flower, but England's thorn,
The man whose might activity had knit,
Bent up his long strung bow and shield aborne,
Commanding all his hommageres to fight.
Go, rouse the lion from his hidden den,
Let thy floes drink the blood of anything but men.

In the treed forest do the knights appear,
William with might his bow en-ironed plies ; 50
Loud sounds the arrow in the wolfin's ear ;
He riseth, loudly roars, he pants, he dies ;
Forslagen at thy feet let wolfins be,
Let thy floes drink their blood, but do not brethren slea.

Through the dark shade of twisting trees he rides ;
The frightened owlet flaps her eve-specked wing ;
The lordynge toad in all his passes bides ;
The berten adders at him dart the sting.
Still, still he passes on, his steed astrodde,
Nor heeds the dangerous way if leading unto blood. 60

The lyoncelle, from sultry countries brought,
Couching beneath the shelter of the briar,
At coming sound doth raise himself distraught,
He looketh with an eye of flames of fire.

Go, stick the lion to his hidden den,
Let thy floes drink the blood of anything
but men.

With passent step the lion moveth along ;
William his iron-woven bow he bends,
With might alyche the rolling thunder strong,
The lion in a roar his sprite forth sends. 70
Go, slay the lion in his blood-stained den,
But be thine arrow dry from blood of other
men.

Swift from the thicket starts the stag away,
The couraciers as swift do after fly.
He leapeth high, he stands, he keeps at bay,
But meets the arrow, and eftsoon doth die.
Forslagen at thy foot let wild beasts be,
Let thy floes drink their blood, yet do not
brethren slea.

With murder tired, he slings his bow alyne.
The stag is ouched with crowns of lily
flowers. 80
Around their helms they green vert do
entwine,
Joying and rev'lous in the greenwood
bowers.

Forslagen with thy floe let wild beasts be,
Feast thee upon their flesh, do not thy
brethren slea.

King. Now, to the tourney ; who will first affray ?

Her. Neville, a baron, be that honour thine.

Bour. I claim the passage.

Nev. I dispute thy way.

Bour. Then there's my gauntlet on my gaberdine,

Her. A lawful challenge, knights and champions
digne,
A lawful challenge ! Let the clarion
sound, 90
[Sir SIMON and NEVILLE *tilt.*
Neville is going, man and horse, to
ground.

[NEVILLE falls.

Loverdes, how doughtily the tilters join !
Ye champions, here Simon de Bourtonne fights,
One he hath quaced ; oppose him, ye knights.

Ferraris. I will against him go ; my squire, my shield,
Or one or other will do mickle scethe ;
Before I do depart the listed field,
Myself or Bourtonne hereupon will blethe.
My shield !

Bour. Come on, and fit thy tilt-lance
cthe.

When Bourtonne fights, he meets a
doughty foe. 100

[*They tilt.* FERRARIS falls.
He falleth ; now, by heaven, thy wounds
do smethe ;

I fear me, I have wrought thee mickle woe.

Her. Bourtonne his second beareth to the field.
Come on, ye knights, and win the honoured
shield.

Bergh. I take the challenge ; squire, my lance and
steed.

I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlet ; for me
stay.

But, if thou fightest me, thou shalt have
meed.

Some other I will champion to affray ;

Perchance from them I may possess the day,
 Then I shall be a foeman for thy spear. 110
 Herald, to the banks of knightès say,
 De Berghamme waiteth for a foeman herc.

Clinton. But long thou shalt not wait. I do thee 'fy ;
 Like forreying lightning shall my tilt-lance
 fly.

[BERGHAMME and CLINTON *tilt.*
 CLINTON *falls.*

Bergh. Now, now, sir knight, attoure thy beavered
 eyne,
 I have borne down, and eft do gauntlet thee.
 Quickly begin, and wyrnne thy fate or mine,
 If thou discomfit, it will doubly be.

[BOURTONNE and BERGHAMME *tilt.*
 BERGHAMME *falls.*

Her. Simon de Bourtonne haveth borne down
 three,
 And by the third hath honour of a
 fourth. 120
 Let him be set aside, till he doth see
 A tilting for a knight of gentle worth.

Here cometh strange knightés; if courteous they,
 It well becomes to give them right of fray.

1st Kn. Strangers we be, and humbly do we claim
 The honour in this tourney for to tilt ;
 Thereby to prove from cravens our good
 name,
 Declaring that we gentle blood have spilt.

Her. Ye knights, of courtesy these strangers say,
 Be you full willing for to give them fray ? 130
 [Five Knights *tilt with the strange Knight,*
 and are every one overthrown.

Bour. Now, by Saint Mary, if on all the field
 Y-crased spears and helmets be besprent,
 If every knight did hold a piercèd shield,
 If all the field with champions' blood be stent,
 Yet to encounter him I be content.
 Another lance, marshal, another lance.
 Albeit he with flames of fire y-brent,
 Yet Bourtonne would against his helm ad-
 vance.

Five haveth fallen down beneath his spear,
 But he shall be the next that falleth here. 140

By thee, Saint Mary, and thy Son I swear,
 That in what place yon doughty knight
 shall fall
 Beneath the strong push of my stretched-out
 spear,
 There shall arise a holy church's wall,
 The which in honour, I will Mary call,
 With pillars large, and spire full high and
 round,
 And this I faithfully will stand to all,
 If yonder stranger falleth to the ground.
 Stranger, be boune ; I champion you to war ;
 Sound, sound the clarions, to be heard from
 far. 150

[BOURTONNE and the Stranger tilt.
 Stranger falls.]

King. The morning tilts now cease.

Her. Bourtonne is king.
 Display the English banner on the tent.
 Round him, ye minstrels, songs of achments
 sing.
 Ye heralds, gather up the spears besprent ;

To king of tourney-tilt be all knees bent.

Dames fair and gentle, for your loves he
fought ;

For you the long tilt-lance, the sword he shente ;

He jousted, only having you in thought.

Come, minstrels, sound the string, go on each
side,

Whilst he unto the king in state do ride. 16c

Minst. When battle, smoking with new quickened
gore,

Bending with spoils, and bloody dropping
head,

Did the dark wood of ease and rest explore,

Seeking to lie on pleasure's downy bed,

Pleasure, dancing from her wood,

Wreathed with flowers of eglantine,

From his visage washed the blood,

Hid his sword and gaberdine.

With such an eye she sweetly him did view,

Did so y-corven every shape to joy, 170

His sprite did change unto another hue,

His arms, nor spoils, might any thoughts
employ.

All delightsome and content,

Fire enshooting from his eyne,

In his arms he did her hent,

Like the night-shade do entwine.

So, if thou lovest pleasure and her train,

Onknowlachynge in what place her to find,
This rule y-spende, and in thy mind retain ;

Seek honour first, and pleasure lies
behind. 180

BATTLE OF HASTINGS

(No. I)

OH Christ, it is a grief for me to tell

How many a noble earl and valorous knight
In fighting for king Harold nobly fell,

All slain in Hastings field in bloody fight.

O sea, our teeming donor ! had thy flood
Had any fructuous entendèment,

Thou wouldest have rose and sunk with tides of blood,
Before duke William's knights had hither went ;

Whose coward arrows many earlès slain,

And 'brued the field with blood, as season-rain. 10

And of his knights did eke full many die,

All passing high, of mickle might each one,
Whose poignant arrows, tipped with destiny,

Caused many widows to make mickle moan.

Lordings, avaunt ! that chicken-hearted are,

From out of hearing quickly now depart ;

Full well, I wot, to sing of bloody war

Will grieve your tenderly and maiden heart.

Go, do the weakly woman in man's gear,

And scond your mansion if grim war come there. 20

Soon as the early matin-bell was tolled,

And sun was come to bid us all good day,
Both armies on the field, both brave and bold,

Prepared for fight in champion array.

As when two bulls, destined for Hocktide fight,

Are yokèd by the neck within a spar,

They rend the earth, and travellers affright,

Lackynge to gage the sportive bloody war ;

So lackèd Harold's men to come to blows,

The Normans lackèd for to wield their bows. 30

King Harold turning to his liegemen spake :

‘ My merry men, be not cast down in mind ;
Your only lode for aye to mar or make,

Before yon sun has done his welke, you’ll find.
Your loving wives, who erst did rid the land

Of lurdanes, and the treasure that you hanne,
Will fall into the Norman robber’s hand,

Unless with hand and heart you play the man.

Cheer up your hearts, chase sorrow far away,

“ God and Saint Cuthbert ” be the word to-day’. 40

And then duke William to his knights did say :

‘ My merry men, be bravely everiche ;
If I do gain the honour of the day,

Each one of you I will make mickle rich.

Bear you in mind, we for a kingdom fight ;

Lordships and honours each one shall possess ;
Be this the word to-day, “ God and my right ” ;

Nor doubt but God will oür true cause bless ’.

The clarions then sounded sharp and shrill ;

Death-doing blades were out, intent to kill. 50

And brave king Harold had now done his say,

He threw with might amain his short horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn away,

And hit his knight, De Beque, upon the ear.

His crested beaver did him small abound,

The cruel spear went thórough all his head ;

The purple blood came gushing to the ground,

And at duke William’s feet he tumbled dead :

So fell the mighty tower of Standrip, when

It felt the fury of the Danish men. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holy Saint !

Come, aid thy friend, and shew duke William’s
pain ;

Take up thy pencil, all his features paint ;

Thy colouring excels a singer’s strain.

Duke William saw his friend slain piteously,
His loving friend whom he much honourèd,
For he had loved him from puerilitie,
And they together both had been y-bred :
O ! in duke William's heart it raised a flame,
To which the rage of empty wolves is tame.

70

He took a brazen cross-bow in his hand,
And drew it hard with all his might amain,
Not doubting but the bravest in the land
Had by his sounding arrow-head been slain.
Alured's steed, the finest steed alive,
By comely form knowlachèd from the rest ;
But now his destined hoûr did arrive,
The arrow hit upon his milk-white breast ;
So have I seen a lady-smock so white,
Blown in the morning, and mowed down at night. 80

With such a force it did his body gore,
That in his tender guts it enterèd,
In verity, a full cloth-yard or more,
And down with flaiten noise he sunken dead.
Brave Alured, beneath his faithful horse,
Was smeared all over with the gory dust,
And on him lay the racer's lukewarm corse,
That Alured could not himself aluste.
The standing Normans drew their bow each one,
And brought full many English champions down. 90

The Normans kept aloof, at distance still,
The English naught but short horse-spears could
wield ;
The English many death-sure darts did kill,
And many arrows twanged upon the shield.
King Harold's knights desired for handy stroke,
And marchèd furious o'er the bloody plain,
In body close, and made the plain to smoke ;
Their shields rebounded arrows back again.

The Normans stood aloof, nor heed the same,
Their arrows would do death, tho' from far off they
came. 100

Duke William drew again his arrow-string,
An arrow with a silver head drew he :
The arrow dancing in the air did sing,
And hit the horse [of] Tosslyn on the kneec.
At this brave Tosslyn threw his short horse-spear,
Duke William stoopèd to avoid the blow ;
The iron weapon hummèd in his ear,
And hit Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow,
Upon his helm so furious was the stroke,
It split his beaver, and the rivets broke. 110

Down fell the beaver, by Tosslyn split in twain,
And on his head exposed a puny wound,
But on Destoutville's shoulder came amain,
And felled the champion to the bloody ground.
Then Doullie mightily his bow-string drew,
And thought to give brave Tosslyn bloody wound,
But Harold's asenglave stopped it as it flew,
And it fell bootless on the bloody ground.
Sir Doullie, when he saw his 'venge thus broke,
Death-doing blade from out the scabbard took. 120

And now the battle closed on every side,
And face to face appeared the knights full brave ;
They lifted up their bills with mickle pride,
And many wounds unto the Normans gave.
So have I seen two weirs at once give ground,
White-foaming high, to roaring combat run ;
In roaring din and heaven-brcaking sound,
Burst waves on waves, and spangle in the sun ;
And when their might in bursting waves is fled,
Like cowards, steal along their oozy bed. 130

Young Egelrede, a knight of comely mien,
 Affynd unto the king of Dynefarre,
 At every tilt and tourney he was seen,
 And loved to be among the bloody war ;
 He couched his lance, and ran with mickle might
 Against the breast of Sieur de Bonoboe ;
 He groaned and sunken on the place of fight,
 O Christ ! to feel his wound, his heart was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughts pushed in upon his mind,
 Not for himself, but those he left behiud. 140

He died and leffèd wife and children twain,
 Whom he with cherishment did dearly love :
 In England's court, in good king Edward's reign,
 He won the tilt, and wore her crimson glove.
 And thence unto the place where he was born,
 Together with his wealth and better wife,
 To Normandy he did, perdie, return,
 In peace and quietness to lead his life,
 And now with sovereign William he came,
 To die in battle, or get wealth and fame. 150

Then, swift as lightning, Egelredus set
 Against Du Barlie of the mountain-head ;
 In his dear heart's blood his long lance was wet,
 And from his courser down he tumbled dead.
 So have I seen a mountain-oak, that long
 Has cast his shadow to the mountain-side,
 Brave all the winds, though ever they so strong,
 And view the briars below with self-taught pride.
 But, when thrown down by mighty thunder-stroke,
 He'd rather be a briar than an oak. 160

Then Egelred did, in a declynie,
 His lance uprear with all his might amain,
 And struck Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
 And at his poll the spear came out again.

But as he drew it forth, an arrow fled
 With mickle might scnt from De Tracy's bow,
 And at his side the arrow enterèd,
 And out the crimson stream of blood 'gan flow ;
 In purple streaks it did his armour stain,
 And smoked in puddles on the dusty plain. 170

But Egelred, before he sunken down,
 With all his might amain his spear bcsped,
 It hit Bertrammil Manne upon the crown,
 And both together quickly sunken dead.
 So have I seen a rock o'er others hang,
 Who, strongly placed, laughed at his slippery state ;
 But, when he falls with heaven-piercing bang,
 That he the sleeve unravels all their fate,
 And, broken on the beach, this lesson speak,
 The strong and firm should not defame the weak. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
 Where he by chance had slain a noble's son,
 And now was come to fight at Harold's call,
 And in the battle he much good had done ;
 Unto king Harold he fought mickle near,
 For he was yeoman of the body-guard ;
 And with a target and a fighting-spear
 He of his body had kcpt watch and ward.
 True as a shadow to a substant thing,
 So true he guarded Harold, his good king. 190

But when Egélred tumbled to the ground,
 He from king Harold quickly did advance,
 And struck De Tracy such a cruel wound,
 His heart and liver came out on the lance :
 And then retreated, for to guard his king.
 On dented lance he bore the heart away ;
 An arrow came from Auffroie Griel's string
 Into his heel, beneath his iron stay ;

The grey-goose pinion, that thereon was set,
Eftsoon with smoking crimson blood was wet.

200

His blood at this was waxen flaming hot,
Without ado, he turnèd once again,
And hit De Grïel such a blow, God wot,
Maugre his helm, he split his head in twain.
This Auffroie was a man of mickle pride,
Whosefeatliest beauty ladden in his face ;
His chance in war he ne'er before had tried,
But lived in love and Rosalind's embrace ;
And, like a useless weed among the hay,
Among the slain warrïors Grïel lay.

210

King Harold then he put his yeomen by,
And fiercely rode into the bloody fight ;
Earl Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mickle men of might,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Egwin too,
Effred the famous, and earl Ethelwarde,
King Harold's liegemen, earlès high and true,
Rode after him, his body for to guard ;
The rest of earlès, fighting other-whereis,
Stainèd with Norman blood their fighting-spcars. 220

As when some river, with the season-rains
White foaming high, doth break the bridges oft,
O'erturns the hamlet and all [it] contains,
And layeth o'er the hills a muddy soft,
So Harold ran upon his Norman foes,
And laid the great and small upon the ground,
And dealt among them such a store of blows,
Full many a Norman fell by him, dead-wound ;
So who he be that elfin fairies strike,
Thcir souls will wander to king Offa's dyke. 230

Fitz Salnarville, duke William's favourite knight,
To noble Edelwarde his life did yield ;
With his tilt-lance he struck with such a might,
The Norman's bowels steamed upon the field.
Old Salnarville beheld his son lie dead,
Against earl Edelwarde his bow-string drew ;
But Harold at one blow made twain his head ;
He died before the poignant arrow flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son. 240

D' Aubigny rode fiercely thro' the fight,
To where the body of Salnarville lay ;
Quoth he, 'And art thou dead, thou man of
might ?
I'll be revenged, or die for thee this day'.
'Die then thou shalt', earl Ethelwarde he said ;
'I am a cunning earl, and that can tell' ;
Then drew his sword, and ghastly cut his head,
And on his friend eftsoon he lifeless fell,
Stretched on the bloody plain ; great God forfend,
It be the fate of no such trusty friend ! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attack,
He turned about and vilely sought to fly ;
But Egwin cut so deep into his back,
He rollèd on the ground and soon did die.
His distant son, Sire Romara de Biere,
Sought to revenge his fallen kinsman's lot,
But soon earl Cuthbert's dented fighting-spear
Stuck in his heart, and stayed his speed, God
wot.

He tumbled down close by his kinsman's side,
(Mingle their streams of purple blood), and died. 260

And now an arrow from a bow unwot
 Into earl Cuthbert's heart eftsoon did flee ;
 Who, dying, said, ' Ah me ! how hard my lot !
 Now slain, mayhap, of one of low degree'.
 So have I seen a leafy elm of yore
 Have been the pride and glory of the plain ;
 But, when the spending landlord is grown poor,
 It falls beneath the axe of some rude swain ;
 And like the oak, the sovereign of the wood,
 Its fallen body tells you how it stood. 270

When Edelwarde perceived earl Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert, strongest of the Norman crew,
 As wolves, when hungered, on the cattle fly,
 So Edelwarde amain upon him flew.
 With such a force he hit him to the ground,
 And was demasing how to take his life,
 When he behind received a ghastly wound
 Given by De Torcie, with a stabbing knife ;
 Base treacherous Normans, if such acts you do,
 The conquered may claim victory of you. 280

The earlè felt De Torcie's treacherous knife
 Had made his crimson blood and spirits flow ;
 And knowlaching he soon must quit this life,
 Resolvèd Hubert should too with him go.
 He held his trusty sword against his breast,
 And down he fell, and pierced him to the heart ;
 And both together then did take their rest,
 Their souls from corpses unaknelled depart ;
 And both together sought the unknown shore,
 Where we shall go, where many's gone before. 290

King Harold Torcie's treachery did spy,
 And high aloft his tempered sword did wield,
 Cut off his arm, and made the blood to fly,
 His proof-steel armour did him little shield ;

And not content, he split his head in twain,
 And down he tumbled on the bloody ground.
 Meanwhile the other earlēs on the plain
 Gave and receivēd many a bloody wound,
 Such as the arts in war had learnt with care ;
 But many knights were women in men's gear. 300

Hcrewald, born on Sarum's spreading plain,
 Where Thor's famed temple many ages stood ;
 Where Druids, ancient priests, did rites ordain,
 And in the middle shed the victim's blood ;
 Where ancient Bardi did their verses sing,
 Of Cæsar conquered, and his mighty host,
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing king,
 Wrecked all his shipping on the British coast,
 And made him in his tattered barks to fly,
 'Till Tynyan's death and opportunity. 310

To make it more renownēd than before,
 (I, though a Saxon, yet the truth will tell),
 The Saxons stained the place with British gore,
 Where naught but blood of sacrifices fell.
 Though Christians, still they thought much of the
 pile,
 And here they met when causes did it need.
 'Twas here the ancient elders of the isle
 Did by the treachery of Hengist bleed ;
 O Hengist ! had thy cause been good and true,
 Thou wouldest such murderous acts as these
 eschew. 320

The earlē was a man of high degree,
 And had that day full many Normans slain,
 Three Norman champions of high degree
 He left to smoke upon the bloody plain :

The Sieur Fitzbotevilleine did then advance,
 And with his bow he smote the earlès head
 Who eftsoons gored him with his tilting-lance,
 And at his horse's feet he tumbled dead :
 His parting spirit hovered o'er the flood
 Of sudden-rushing much-loved purple blood. 330

De Viponte then, a squire of low degree,
 An arrow drew with all his might amain ;
 The arrow grazed upon the earlès knee,
 A puny wound, that caused but little pain.
 So have I seen a dolthead place a stone,
 In thought to stay a driving river's course ;
 But better had it been to let alone,
 It only drives it on with mickle force ;
 The earlè, wounded by so base a hind,
 Raised furious doings in his noble mind. 340

The Sieur Chatillion, younger of that name,
 Advancèd next before the earlès sight ;
 His father was a man of mickle fame,
 And he renowned and valorous in fight.
 Chatillion his trusty sword forth drew,
 The earl draws his, men both of mickle might ;
 And at each other vengefully they flew,
 As mastiff-dogs at Hocktide set to fight ;
 Both scorned to yield, and both abhorred to fly,
 Resolved to vanquish, or resolved to die. 350

Chatillion hit the earlè on the head.
 That split eftsoon his crested helm in twain ;
 Which he, perforce, with target coverèd,
 And to the battle went with might amain.
 The earlè hit Chatillion such a blow
 Upon his breast, his heart was plain to see ;
 He tumbled at the horses' feet also,
 And in death-pangs he seized the racer's knee.

Fast as the ivy round the oak doth climb,
So fast he, dying, gripped the racer's limb. 360

The racer then began to fling and kick,
And tossed the earlè far off to the ground
The earlès squire then a sword did stick
 Into his heart, a deadly ghastly wound ;
And down he fell upon the crimson plain,
 Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of clay ;
A puddly stream of blood flowed out amain ;
 Stretched out at length, besmeared with gore, he
 lay ;

As some tall oak, felled from the greeny plain,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The earlè now a horse and beaver hanne,
 And now again appearèd on the field ;
And many a mickle knight and mighty man
 To his death-doing sword his life did yield.
When Sieur de Broque an arrow long let fly,
 Intending Herewaldus to have slain ;
It missed ; but hit Edardus on the eye,
 And at his poll came out with horrid pain.
Edardus fell upon the bloody ground,
His noble soul came rushing from the wound. 380

This Herewald perceived, and full of ire
 He on the Sieur de Broque with fury came ;
Quoth he, 'Thou'st slaughtered my belovèd squire,
 But I will be revengèd for the same'.
Into his bowels then his lance he thrust,
 And drew thereout a steamy, dreary load ;
Quoth he, 'These offals are for ever cursed,
 Shall serve the choughs and rooks and daws for
 food'.

Then on the plain the steamy load he throwed,
Smoking with life, and dyed with crimson blood. 390

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killèd lie,

‘Ah me !’ said he ; ‘what woeful sight I see !

But now I must do something more than sigh’ ;

And then an arrow from the bow drew he.

Beneath the earlès navel came the dart :

Fitz Broque on foot had drawn it from the bow ;
And upwards went into the earlès heart,

And out the crimson stream of blood ’gan flow,
As from a hatch, drawn with a vehement geer,
White rush the bursting waves, and roar along the
weir.

400

The earl with one hand grasped the racer’s mane,

And with the other he his lance besped ;

And then fell bleeding on the bloody plain.

His lance it hit Fitz Broque upon the head ;
Upon his head it made a wound full slight,

But pierced his shoulder, ghastly wound inferne ;
Before his optics danced a shade of night,

Which soon were closèd in a sleep eterne.

The noble earlè then, without a groan,

Took flight, to find the regiōns unknown.

410

Brave Alured from beneath his noble horse

Was gotten on his legs, with blood all smore ;

And now, alighted on another horse,

Eftsoon he with his lance did many gore.

The coward Norman knights before him fled,

And from a distance sent their arrows keen ;

But no such destiny awaits his head,

As to be slayèn by a wight so mean.

Though oft the oak falls by the peasant’s shock,

’Tis more than hinds can do, to move the rock.

420

Upon Du Chatelet he fiercely set,

And pierced his body with a force full great ;

The asenglave of his tilt-lance was wet,

The rolling blood along the lance did fleet.

Advancing, as a mastiff at a bull,
 He ran his lance into Fitz Warren's heart ;
 From Partaie's bow, a wight unmerciful,
 Within his own he felt a cruel dart ;
 Close by the Norman champions he had slain,
 He fell ; and mixed his blood with theirs upon the
 plain.

430

Earl Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
 A lance, that struck Partaie upon the thigh,
 And pinned him down unto the gory dust ;
 'Cruel', quoth he, 'thou cruelly shalt die'.
 With that his lance he entered at his throat ;
 He shrieked and screamed in melancholy mood ;
 And at his back eftsoon came out, God wot,
 And after it a crimson stream of blood.
 In agony and pain he there did lie,
 While life and death strove for the mastery.

440

He gripèd hard the bloody murdering lance,
 And in a groan he left this mortal life.
 Behind the earlè, Fiscampe did advance,
 Bethought to kill him with a stabbing knife ;
 But Egward, who perceived his foul intent,
 Eftsoon his trusty sword he forthwith drew,
 And such a cruel blow to Fiscampe sent,
 That soul and body's blood at one gate flew.
 Such deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so foul
 Will black their earthly name, if not their soul.

450

When lo ! an arrow from Walleris' hand,
 Wingèd with fate and death, dancèd along ;
 And slew the noble flower of Powisland,
 Howel ap Jevah, who y-clept the strong.

When he the first mischance receivèd hanne,
 With horseman's haste he from the army rode ;
 And did repair unto the cunning man,
 Who sang a charm, that did it mickle good ;
 Then prayed St Cuthbert and our holy Dame
 To bless his labour, and to heal the same : 460

Then drew the arrow, and the wound did seck,
 And put the taint of holy herbès on ;
 And put a row of blood-stones round his neck ;
 And then did say : ' Go, champion, get agone ! '
 And now was coming Harold to defend,
 And metten with Walleris' cruel dart ;
 His shield of wolf-skin did him not attend,
 The arrow pierced into his noble heart ;
 As some tall oak, hewn from the mountain-head,
 Falls to the plain, so fell the warrior dead. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
 Who, love of him, had from his country gone,
 When he perceived his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountain-wolf he ran.
 As elfin fairies, when the moon shines bright,
 In little circles dance upon the green,
 All living creatures fly far from their sight,
 Nor by the race of destiny be seen ;
 For what he be that elfin fairies strike,
 Their souls will wander to king Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
 The Normans eftsoon fled away aghast ;
 And left behind their bow and asenglave,
 For fear of him, in such a coward haste.
 His garb sufficient were to move affright ;
 A wolf-skin girded round his middle was ;
 A bear-skin, from Norwegians won in fight,
 Was tightened round his shoulders by the claws.

So Hercules, 'tis sung, much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lion's skin. 490

Upon his thighs and hart-swift legs he wore
A hugè goat-skin, all of one great piece ;
A boar-skin shield on his bare arms he bore ;
His gauntlets were the skin of hart of grease.
They fled ; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowing vengeance for his dear countryman ;
And Sieur de Sancelotte his vengeance feels ;
He pierced his back, and out the blood it ran ;
His blood went down the sword unto his arm,
In springing rivulet, alive and warm. 500

His sword was short, and broad, and mickle keen,
And no man's bone could stand to stop its way ;
The Norman's heart in partès two cut clean,
He closed his eyes, and closed his eyes for aye.
Then with his sword he set on Fitz du Valle,
A knight much famous for to run at tilt ;
With such a fury on him he did fall,
Into his neck he ran the sword and hilt ;
As mighty lightning often has been found
To drive an oak into unfallowed ground. 510

And with the sword, that in his neck yet stuck,
The Norman fell unto the bloody ground ;
And with the fall ap Tewdor's sword he broke,
And blood afresh came trickling from the wound.
As when the hinds, before a mountain wolf,
Fly from his paws, and angry visage grim ;
But when he falls into the pitty gulf,
They dare him to his beard, and batten him ;
And 'cause he frightened them so much before,
Like coward hinds, they batten him the more. 520

So when they saw ap Tewdor was bereft
 Of his keen sword, that wrought such great dismay ;
 They turned about, eftsoon upon him leapt,
 And full a score engagèd in the fray.
 Mervyn ap Tewdor, raging as a bear,
 Seized on the beaver of the Sieur de Laque,
 And wrung his head with such a vehement geer,
 His visage was turned round unto his back.
 Back to his heart retired the useless gore,
 And fell upon the plain, to rise no more. 530

Then on the mighty Sieur Fitz Pierce he flew,
 And broke his helm and seized him by the throat :
 Then many Norman knights their arrows drew,
 That entered into Mervyn's heart, God wot.
 In dying pang he griped his throat more strong,
 And from their sockets started out his eyes ;
 And from his mouth came out his blameless tongue,
 And both in pain and anguish eftsoon dies.
 As some rude rock, torn from his bed of clay,
 Stretched on the plain the brave ap Teudor lay. 540

And now earl Ethelbert and Egward came,
 Brave Mervyn from the Normans to assist ;
 A mighty sire, Fitz Chatulet by name,
 An arrow drew that did them little list.
 Earl Egward points his lance at Chatulet,
 And Ethelbert at Walleris set his ;
 And Egwald did the sire a hard blow hit,
 But Ethelbert by a mischance did miss :
 Fear laid Walleris flat upon the strand,
 He ne'er deserved a death from earlè's hand. 550

Betwixt the ribs of Sire Fitz Chatulet
 The pointed lance of Egward did y-pass :
 The distant side thereof was ruddy wet,
 And he fell breathless on the bloody grass.

As coward Walleris lay on the ground,
 The dreaded weapon hummèd o'er his head,
 And hit the squire such a deadly wound,
 Upon his fallen lord he tumbled dead :
 Oh shame to Norman arms ! a lord a slave,
 A captive villein than a lord more brave !

560

From Chatulet his lance earl Egward drew,
 And hit Walleris on the dexter cheek,
 Pierced to his brain, and cut his tongue in two :
 'There, knight', quoth he, 'let that thy actions
 speak'.

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BATTLE OF HASTINGS

(No. II)

OH truth ! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too little known to writers of these days,
 Teach me, fair saint ! thy passing worth to prize,
 To blame a friend and give a foeman praise.
 The fickle moon, bedecked with silver rays,
 Leading a train of stars of feeble light,
 With look adigne the world below surveys,
 The world, that wotted not it could be night ;
 With armour donned, with human gore y-dyed,
 She sees king Harold stand, fair England's curse and
 pride.

10

With ale and vernage drunk, his soldiers lay ;
 Here was a hind, anigh an earlè spread,
 Sad keeping of their leader's natal day !
 This even in drink, to-morrow with the dead !

Through every troop disorder reared her head ;
 Dancing and heideignes was the only theme.
 Sad doom was theirs who left this easy bed,
 And waked in torments from so sweet a dream.
 Duke William's men, of coming death afraid,
 All night to the great God for succour asked and
 prayed.

20

Thus Harold to his wights that stood around :
 ' Go, Gurth and Eilward, take bills half-a-score,
 And search how far our foeman's camp doth bound ;
 Yourself have rede, I need to say no more.
 My brother best beloved of any ore,
 My Leofwinus, go to every wight,
 Tell them to range the battle to the grore,
 And waiten till I send the hest for fight'.
 He said ; the loyal brothers left the place,
 Success and cheerfulness depicted on each face.

30

Slowly brave Gurth and Eilward did advance,
 And marked with care the army's distant side ;
 When the dire clattering of the shield and lance
 Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espied.
 He lifted up his voice, and loudly cried :
 Like wolves in winter did the Norman yell.
 Gurth drew his sword, and cut his burlèd hide :
 The proto-slain man of the field, he fell.
 Out streamed the blood, and ran in smoking curls,
 Reflected by the moon, seemed rubies mixed with
 pearls.

40

A troop of Normans from the mass-song came,
 Roused from their prayèrs by the flotting cry.
 Though Gurth and Eilwardus perceived the same,
 Not once they stood abashed or thought to fly.

He seized a bill, to conquer or to die ;
 Fierce as a clevis from a rock y-torn,
 That makes a valley wheresoe'er it lie,
 Fierce as a river bursting from the borne,
 So fiercely Gurth hit Fitz du Gore a blow,
 And on the verdant plain he laid the champion low. 50

Tancarville thus : 'All peace, in William's name ;
 Let none y-draw his arcublaster bow'.
 Gurth cased his weapon, as he heard the same,
 And 'venging Normans stayed the flying floe.
 The sire went on : 'Ye men, what mean ye so,
 Thus unprovoked to court a bloody fight ?'
 Quoth Gurth : 'Our meaning we now care to shew,
 Nor dread thy duke with all his men of might ;
 Here single, only these, to all thy crew
 Shall shew what English hands and hearts can
 do'. 60

'Seek not for blood', Tancarville calm replied,
 'Nor joy in death, like madmen most distraught ;
 In peace and mercy is a Christian's pride,
 He that doth contests prize is in a fault'.
 And now the news was to duke William brought,
 That men of Harold's army taken were ;
 For their good cheer all caties were enthought,
 And Gurth and Eilwardus enjoyed good cheer.
 Quoth William : 'Thus shall William be found,
 A friend to every man that treads on English
 ground'. 70

Earl Leōfwinus through the camp y-passed,
 And saw both men and earlēs on the ground ;
 They slept, as though they would have slept their
 last,
 And had already felt their fatal wound.

He started back, and was with shame astound,
 Looked wan with anger, and he shook with rage,
 When through the hollow tents these words did
 sound,
 ' Rouse from your sleep, detractors of the age !
 Was it for this the stout Norwegian bled ?
 Awake, ye house-carles, now, or waken with the
 dead ! '

So

As when the shepherd in the shady bower
 In gentle slumbers chase the heat of day,
 Hears doubling echo wind the wolfin's roar,
 That near his flock is watching for a prey ;
 He, trembling for his sheep, drives dream away,
 Grips fast his burlèd crook, and, sorc adraddc,
 With fleeting strides he hastens to the fray ;
 And rage and prowess fires the coistrcl lad ;
 With trusty talbots to the battle flies,
 And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the
 skies.

90

Such was the dire confusion of each wight,
 That rose from sleep and loathsome power of
 wine ;
 They thought the foc by treachery in the night
 Had broke their camp and gotten past the line ;
 Now here, now there, the burnished shields and
 bill-spear shine ;
 Throughout the camp a wild confusion sprcad ;
 Each braced his arm lace siker ne desyngc ;
 The crested helmet nodded on the head ;
 Some caught a clarion, and an onset wound,
 King Harold heard the charge, and wondered at the
 sound.

100

Thus Leōfwine : ‘ O women, cased in steel !
 Was it for this Norwegia’s stubborn seed
 Through the black armour did the anlace feel,
 And ribs of solid brass were made to bleed,
 Whilst yet the world was wondering at the deed ?
 You soldiers, that should stand with bill in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.

Oh, shame ! Oh, dire dishonour to the land !’
 He said, and shame on every visage spread ;
 None saw the earlēs face, but, wakened, hung their
 head. 110

Thus he : ‘ Rouse ye, and form the body tight,
 The Kentishmen in front, for strength renowned,
 Next, the Bristolians dare the bloody fight,
 And last, the numerous crew shall press the
 ground.
 I and my king be with the Kenters found,
 Bythric and Alfwold head the Bristol band,
 And Bertram’s son, the man of glorious wound,
 Led in the rear the mengēd of the land ;
 And let the Londoners and Sussers ply
 By Hereward’s menuine, and the light skirts
 annoy’. 120

He said ; and as a pack of hounds belent,
 When that the tracking of the hare is gone,
 If one perchance shall hit upon the scent,
 With twice redoubled fire the alans run ;
 So stirred the valiant Saxons every one ;
 Soon, linkēd man to man, the champions stood.
 To ’tone for their bewrate so soon ’twas done,
 And lifted bills appeared an iron wood.
 Here glorious Alfwold towered above the wights,
 And seemed to brave the fire of twice ten thousand
 fights. 130

Thus Leōfwine : ‘ To-day will England’s doom
 Be fixed for aye, for good or evil state,
 This sun’s aventure be felt for years to come ;
 Then bravely fight, and live till death of date.
 Think of brave Ælfridus, y-clept “ the Great ” ;
 From port to port the red-haired Dane he chased,
 The Danes, with whom not lyoneelles could mate,
 Who made of peopled realms a barren waste ;
 Think how at onee by you Norwegia bled,
 Whilst death and victory for mastery bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gurth unto king Harold ride,
 And told how he did with duke William fare.
 Brave Harold looked askance, and thus replied ;
 ‘ And ean thy faith be bought with drunken
 cheer ? ’
 Gurth waxèd hot ; fire in his eyes did glare,
 And thus he said—‘ Oh ! brother, friend, and
 king,
 I lave I deserved this fremèd speech to hear ?
 By God’s high halidome, ne’er thought the thing.
 When Tostus sent me gold and silver store,
 I scorned his present vile, and seorned his treason
 more’. 150

‘ Forgive me, Gurth’, the brave king Harold
 cried ;
 ‘ Who ean I trust, if brothers are not true ?
 Think thou of Tostus, once my joy and pride ’.
 Gurth said, with look adigne, ‘ My lord, I do.
 But what our foemen are ’, quoth Gurth, ‘ I’ll
 shew.
 By God’s high halidome, they priestès are ’.
 ‘ Do not ’, quoth Harold, ‘ Gurth mistell them so,
 For they are every one brave men at war ’.

Quoth Gurth, 'Why will ye then provoke their
hate?' 160

Quoth Harold, 'Great the foe, so is the glory
great'. 160

And now duke William marshallèd his band,
And stretched his army out, a goodly row.
First did a rank of arcublastries stand,
Next those on horseback drew the ascending floe ;
Brave champions, each well learnèd in the bow,
Their asenglave across their horses tied ;
Or with their loverds squires behind did go,
Or waited, squire-like, at the horse's side.

When thus duke William to a monk did say,
'Prepare thyself with speed, to Harold haste
away. 170

Tell him from me onc of these three to take :

That he to me do homage for this land,
Or me his heir, when he deceaseth, make,
Or to the judgment of Christ's vicar stand'.

He said ; the monk departed out of hand,
And to king Harold did this message bcar,
Who said, 'Tell thou the duke, at his likand,
If he can get the crown, he may it wear'.

He said, and drove the monk out of his sight,
And with his brothers roused each man to bloody
fight. 180

A standard made of silk and jewels rare,
Wherein all colours, wrought about in bighes,
An armèd knight was seen death-doing there,
Under this motto—'He conquers or he dies'.
This standard rich, endazzling mortal eyes,
Was borne near Harold at the Kenters' head,
Who charged his brothers for the great emprise,
That straight the hest for battle should be spread.

To every earl and knight the word is given,
And cries '*A guerre!*' and clarions shake the vaulted
heaven.

190

As when the earth, torn by convulsions dire,
In realms of darkness hid from human sight ;
The warring force of water, air, and fire,
Burst from the regions of eternal night,
Through the dark caverns seek the realms of light ;
Some lofty mountain, by its fury torn,
Dreadfully moves, and causes great affright ;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourn,
And awful shakes, moved by the almighty force ;
Whole woods and forests nod, and rivers change their
course.

200

So did the men of war at once advance,
Linked man to man, appeared one body light ;
Above, a wood, y-formed of bill and lance,
That nodded in the air, most strange to sight ;
Hard as the iron were the men of might,
No need of clarions to enrouse their mind ;
Each shooting spear y-readen for the fight,
More fierce than falling rocks, more swift than
wind ;
With solemn step, by echo made more dire,
One single body all, they marched, their eyes on
fire.

210

And now the grey-eyed morn with violets dress'd,
Shaking the dewdrops on the flowery meads,
Fled with her rosy radiance to the west.
Forth from the eastern gate the fiery steeds
Of the bright sun awaiting spirits leads.
The sun, in fiery pomp enthroned on high,
Swifter than thought along his journey gledes,
And scatters night's remains from out the sky.

He saw the armies make for bloody fray,
And stopped his driving steeds, and hid his lightsome
ray.

220

King Harold high in air majestic raised
His mighty arm, decked with a manchyn rare ;
With even hand a mighty javelin poised,
Then furious sent it whistling through the air.

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer.

In vain did brass or iron stop its way ;
Above his eyes it came, the bones did tear,
Piercing quite through, before it did allay.
He tumbled, screeching with his horrid pain,
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloody plain. 230

This William saw, and, sounding Roland's song,
He bent his iron interwoven bow,
Making both ends to meet with might full strong ;
From out of mortal's sight shot up the floe.
Then, swift as falling stars to earth below,
It slanted down on Alfwold's painted shield,
Quite through the silver-bordured cross did go,
Nor lost its force, but stuck into the field ;
The Normans, like their sovereign, did prepare,
And shot ten thousand floes uprising in the air. 240

As when a flight of cranes, that takes their way
In household armies through the flanchèd sky,
Alike the cause, or company or prey,
If that perchance some boggy fen is nigh,
Soon as the muddy nation they espy,
In one black cloud they to the earth descend ;
Fierce as the falling thunderbolt they fly,
In vain do reeds the speckled folk defend ;
So prone to heavy blow the arrows fell,
And pierced through brass, and sent many to heaven
or hell.

250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
 Felt a dire arrow burning in his breast ;
 Before he died, he sent his spear away,
 Then sunk to glory and eternal rest.
 Neville, a Norman of all Normans best,
 Through the joint cuishè did the javelin feel,
 As he on horseback for the fight addressed,
 And saw his blood come smoking o'er the steel ;
 He sent the avenging floe into the air,
 And turned his horse's head, and did to lechh
 repair. 260

And now the javelins, barbed with death his wings,
 Hurled from the English hands by force aderne,
 Whizz drear along, and songs of terror sings,
 Such songs as always closed in life eterne.
 Hurled by such strength along the air they burn,
 Not to be quenchèd but in Normans' blood.
 Where'cr they came, they were of life forlorn,
 And always followed by a purple flood.
 Like clouds the Norman arrows did descend,
 Like clouds of carnage full, in purple drops did
 end. 270

Nor, Leöfwinus, didst thou still y-stand ;
 Full soon thy pheon glittered in the air ;
 The force of none but thinc and Harold's hand
 Could hurl a javelin with such deadly geer.
 It whizzed a ghastly din in Norman's ear,
 Then, thundering, did upon his greave alight,
 Pierce to his heart, and did his bowels tear ;
 He closed his eyes in everlasting night.
 Ah ! what availed the lions on his crest,
 His hatchments rare with him upon the ground were
 pressed. 280

William again y-made his bow-ends meet,
 And high in air the arrow winged his way ;
 Descending like a shaft of thunder fleet,
 Like thunder rattling at the noon of day,
 On Algar's shield the arrow did assay,
 There through did pierce, and stick into his
 groin ;
 In griping torments on the field he lay,
 Till welcome death came in and closed his eyne.
 Distort with pain he lay upon the borne,
 Like sturdy elms by storms in uncouth writhings
 torn. 290

Alrick, his brother, when he this perceived,
 He drew his sword, his left hand held a spear ;
 Towards the duke he turned his prancing steed,
 And to the God of heaven he sent a prayer,
 Then sent his deadly javelin in the air ;
 On Hugh de Beaumont's back the javelin came,
 Through his red armour to his heart it tare ;
 He fell, and thundered on the place of fame.
 Next with his sword he 'sailed the Sieur de Roe,
 And burst his silver helm, so furious was the
 blow. 300

But William, who had seen his prowess great,
 And fearèd much how far his bronde might go,
 Took a strong arblaster, and, big with fate,
 From twanging iron sent the fleeting floe.
 As Alric hoists his arm for deadly blow,
 Which, had it come, had been de Roeës last,
 The swift-winged messenger from William's bow
 Quite through his arm into his side y-past ;
 His eyes shot fire, like blazing star at night,
 He gripped his sword, and fell upon the place of
 fight. 310

Oh ! Alfwold, say, how shall I sing of thee,
 Or tell how many did beneath thee fall ?
 Not Harold's self more Norman knights did slea,
 Not Harold's self did for more praises call.
 How shall a pen like mine then shew it all ?
 Like thee, their leader, each Bristolian fought ;
 Like thee, their blaze must be canonical ;
 For they, like thee, that day revenge y-wrought.
 Did thirty Normans fall upon the ground,
 Full half a score from thee and they receive their
 fatal wound. 320

First Fitz-Chivelloys felt thy direful force ;
 Naught did his held-out brazen shield avail ;
 Eftsoon through that thy driving spear did pierce,
 Nor was it stoppèd by his coat of mail ;
 Into his breast it quickly did assail ;
 Out ran the blood, like hyger of the tide,
 With purple stainèd all his aventayle.
 In scarlet was his cuish of silver dyed.
 Upon the bloody carnage-house he lay,
 Whilst his long shield did gleam with the sun's rising
 ray. 330

Next Fescamp fell. Oh ! Christ, how hard his fate
 To die the leckedst knight of all the throng !
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
 Nor shoulden find a place in any song.
 The broched keen javelin, hurled from hand so
 strong
 As thine, came thundering on his crested beave ;
 Ah ! naught availed the brass or iron thong ;
 With mighty force his skull in two did cleave ;
 Falling, he shoken out his smoking brain,
 As withered oaks or elms are hewn from off the
 plain. 340

Nor, Norcie, could thy might and skilful lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's spear
 Could'st thou not know, most skilled astrologer,
 How in the battle it would with thee fare ?
 When Alfwold's javelin, rattling in the air,
 From hand divine on thy habergeon came,
 Out at thy back it did thy heart's blood bear ;
 It gave thee death and everlasting fame.
 Thy death could only come from Alfwold's arm,
 As diamonds only can its fellow-diamonds harm. 350

Next Sieur du Mouline fell upon the ground,
 Quite through his throat the deadly javelin pressed,
 His soul and blood came rushing from the wound ;
 He closed his eyes and oped them with the blest.
 It eannot be I should behight the rest,
 That by the mighty arm of Alfwold fell ;
 Past by a pen to be count or expressed,
 How many Alfwold sent to heaven or hell.
 As leaves from trees shook by derne autumn's hand,
 So lay the Normans slain by Alfwold on the
 strand. 360

As when a drove of wolves with dreary yells
 Assail some flock, nor cares if shepherd ken't,
 Scattering destruction o'er the woods and dells,
 The shepherd swains in vain their loss lament ;
 So fought the Bristol men ; nor one crevent,
 Nor one abashed enthougten for to flee ;
 With fallen Normans all the plain besprent,
 And, like their leaders, every man did slea.
 In vain on every side the arrows fled,
 The Bristol men still raged, for Alfwold was not
 dead. 370

Many meanwhile by Harold's arm did fall,
 And Leofwine and Gurth increased the slain ;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to sing them all,
 Or tell how many Normans pressed the plain.
 But of the earls whom record not hath slain,
 Oh Truth ! for good of after-times relate,
 That, though they're dead, their names may live
 again,
 And be in death, as they in life were, great.
 So after-ages may their actions see,
 And, like to them, eternal alway strive to be. 380

Adhelm, a knight, whose holy deathless sire
 For ever bended to St Cuthbert's shrine,
 Whose breast for ever burned with sacred fire,
 And e'en on earth he might be called divine ;
 To Cuthbert's church he did his goods resign,
 And left his son his God's and fortune's knight.
 His son the Saint beheld with look adigne,
 Made him in gemot wise, and great in fight ;
 Saint Cuthbert did him aid in all his deeds,
 His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen
 bleeds. 390

He married was to Kenewalcha fair,
 The finest dame the sun or moon adave ;
 She was the mighty Aderedus' heir,
 Who was already hasting to the grave ;
 As the blue Briton, rising from the wave,
 Like sea-gods seem in most majestic guise,
 And round about the rising waters lave,
 And their long hair around their bodies flies ;
 Such majesty was in her port displayed,
 To be excelled by none but Homer's martial
 maid, 400

White as the chalky cliffs of Britain's isle,
 Red as the highest-coloured Gallic wine,
 Gay as all nature at the morning-smile,
 Those hues with pleasure on her lips combine ;
 Her lips more red than summer-evening skyne,
 Or Phœbus rising in a frosty morn ;
 Her breast more white than snow in fields that lain,
 Or lily lambs that never have been shorn,
 Swelling like bubbles in a boiling well,
 Or new-burst brooklets gently whispering in the
 dell.

410

Brown as the filbert dropping from the shell,
 Brown as the nappy ale at Hoektide game,
 So brown the crooked rings, that featly fell
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
 Grey as the morn before the ruddy flame
 Of Phœbus chariot rolling through the sky ;
 Grey as the steel-horned goats Conyan made tame,
 So grey appeared her featly sparkling eye ;
 Those eyes, that oft did mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm, valiant man, the virtues' doomsday-
 book.

420

Majestic as the grove of oaks that stood
 Before the abbey built by Oswald king ;
 Majestic as Hibernia's holy wood,
 Where saints, for souls departed, masses sing ;
 Such awe from her sweet look forth issuing
 At once for reverence and love did call ;
 Sweet as the voice of thrushes in the spring,
 So sweet the words that from her lips did fall ;
 None fell in vain ; all shewèd some entent ;
 Her wordies did display her great entendèment.

430

Taper as candles laid at Cuthbert's shrine,
 Taper as elms that Goodrick's abbey shrove,
 Taper as silver chalices for wine,
 So taper was her arms and shape y-grove.
 As skilful mine-men by the stones above
 Can tell what metal is y-lach'd below,
 So Kenewalcha's face, y-made for love,
 The lovely image of her soul did shew ;
 Thus was she outward formed ; the sun, her mind,
 Did gild her mortal shape, and all her charms
 refined.

440

What blazours then, what glory shall he claim,
 What doughty Homer shall his praises sing,
 That left the bosom of so fair a dame
 Uncalled, unasked, to serve his lord the king ?
 To his fair shrine good subjects ought to bring
 The arms, the helmets, all the spoils of war,
 Through every realm the poets blaze the thing,
 And travelling merchants spread his name to far :
 The stout Norwegians had his anlace felt,
 And now among his foes death - doing blows he
 dealt.

450

As when a wolfin, getting in the meads,
 He rageth sore, and doth about him slea,
 Now here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
 And all the grass with clotted gore doth stree ;
 As when a riv'ette rolls impetuously,
 And breaks the banks that would its force restrain,
 Along the plain in foaming rings doth flee,
 'Gainst walls and hedges doth its course maintain ;
 As when a man doth in a corn-field mow,
 With ease at one fell stroke full many is laid low. 460

So many, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughter on the bloody plain ;
Before him many did their heart's blood lease,
Oft times he fought on towers of smoking slain.
Angillian felt his force, nor felt in vain ;
He cut him with his sword athur the breast,
Out ran the blood and did his armour stain,
He closed his eyén in eternal rest ;
Like a tall oak, by tempest borne away,
Stretched in the arms of death upon the plain he
lay.

470

Next through the air he sent his javelin fierce
That on De Clarmounde's buckler did alight,
Through the vast orb the sharp pheon did pierce,
Rang on his coat of mail and spent its might.
But soon another winged its airy flight,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did go ;
He fell, and groaned upon the place of fight,
Whilst life and blood came issuing from the blow,
Like a tall pine upon his native plain,
So fell the mighty sire, and mingled with the slain. 480

Hugh de Longeville, a sorcie doutremere,
Advancèd forward to provoke the dart,
When soon he found that Adhelm's pointed spear
Had found an easy passage to his heart ;
He drew his bow, nor was of death astart,
Then fell down breathless to increase the corse.
But, as he drew his bow devoid of art,
So it came down upon Troyvillian's horse ;
Deep through his hatchments went the pointed floe ;
Now here, now there, with rage bleeding he round
doth go.

490

Nor does he heed his master's known commands,
 Till, growèn furious by his bloody wound,
 Erect upon his hinder feet he stands,
 And throws his master far off to the ground.
 Near Adhelm's feet the Norman lay astound,
 Scattered his arrows, loosened was his shield ;
 Through his red armour, as he lay enswooned,
 He pierced his sword, and out upon the field
 The Norman's bowels steamed, a deadly sight ;
 He oped, and closed his eyes in everlasting night. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normans fought,
 A man well skilled in sword and sounding string,
 Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
 For daring with bold word his loyal king ;
 He at earl Adhelm with great force did fling
 An heavy javelin, made for bloody wound ;
 Along his shield askance the same did ring,
 Pierced through the corner, then stuck in the
 ground ;
 So when the thunder rattles in the sky,
 Through some tall spire the shafts in a torn clevis
 fly. 510

Then Adhelm hurled a crooked javelin strong
 With might that none but such great champions
 know ;
 Swifter than thought the javelin passed along,
 And hit the Scot most fiercely on the prow ;
 His helmet bursted at the thundering blow,
 Into his brain the trembling javelin steck ;
 From either side the blood began to flow,
 And run in circling ringlets round his neck ;
 Down fell the warrior on the deadly strand,
 Like some tall vessel wrecked upon the tragic
 sand. 520

Where fruitless heaths and meadows clad in grey,
Save where sad hawthorns rear their humble head,
The hungry traveller upon his way
Sees a huge desert all around him spread,
The distant city scarcely to be sped,
The curling force of smoke he sees in vain,
'Tis too far distant, and his only bed,
Y-wimpled in his cloak, is on the plain,
Whilst rattling thunder forrey o'er his head,
And rains come down to wet his hard uncouthlie
bed ;

530

A wondrous pile of rugged mountains stands,
Placed on each other in a drear array,
It not could be the work of human hands,
It not was rearèd up by men of clay.
Here did the Britons adoration pay
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dighting his altar with great fires in May,
Roasting their victual round about the flame,
'Twas here that Hengist did the Britons slea,
As they were met in council for to be.

540

Near, on a lofty hill, a city stands,
That lifts its shafted head unto the skies,
And kingly looks around on lower lands,
And the long brown plain that beforc it lies.
Hereward, born of parents brave and wise,
Within this vylle first a-drew the air,
A blessing to the earth sent from the skies ;
In any kingdom naught could find his peer.
Now, ribbed in steel, he rages in the fight,
And sweeps whole armies to the realms of night.

550

So when sad autumn with his sallow hand
Tears the green mantle from the lymèd' trees,
The leaves, besprengèd on the yellow strand,
Fly in whole armies from the blatant breeze ;

All the whole field a carnage-house he sees,
 And souls unknellèd hovered o'er the blood ;
 From place to place on either hand he sleas,
 And sweeps all near him like a furious flood ;
 Death hung upon his arm ; he slew so maynt,
 'Tis past the pencil of a man to paint. 560

Bright sun in haste hath drove his fiery wain
 A three-hours' course along the whited skyne,
 Viewing the swarthless bodies on the plain,
 And longèd greatly to plunge in the brine.
 For as his beamès and far-stretching eyne
 Did view the pools of gore in purple sheen,
 The wolsomme vapours round his locks did twine,
 And did disfigure all his semlykeene ;
 Then to hard action he his wain did rouse,
 In hissing ocean to make glair his brows. 570

Duke William gave command : each Norman knight
 That bare war-token in a shield so fine
 Should onward go, and dare to closer fight
 The Saxon warrior, that did so entwine,
 Like the nesh bryon and the eglantine,
 Or Cornish wrestlers at a Hocktide game.
 The Normans, all enmarshalled in a line,
 To thc ourt array of the thight Saxons came.
 There 'twas the whapèd Normans, on a par,
 Did know that Saxons were the sons of war. 580

Oh Turgot ! wheresoe'er thy sprite doth haunt,
 Whether with thy loved Adhelm by thy side,
 Where thou mayst hear the swotie night-lark chant,
 Or with some mocking brooklet sweetly glide,
 Or rolling fiercely with fierce Severn's tide,
 Where'er thou art, come and my mind enleme
 With such great thoughts as did with thee abide,
 Thou sun, of whom I oft have caught a beam,

Send me again a dryblette of thy light,
That I the deeds of Englishmen may write. 590

Harold, who saw the Normans to advance,

Seized a huge bill, and laid him down his spear,
So did each wight lay down the pointed lance,

And groves of bills did glitter in the air.

With shouts the Normans did to battle steer.

Campynon, famous for his stature high,

Fiery with brass, beneath a shirt of lere,

In cloudy day he reached into the sky ;

Near to king Harold did he come along,

And drew his steel morglaien sword so strong. 600

Thrice round his head he swung his anlace wide,

On which the sun his visage did agleeme,

Then, straining as his members would divide,

He struck on Harold's shield in manner breme ;

Along the field it made a horrid cleme,

Cutting king Harold's painted shield in twain ;

Then in the blood the fiery sword did steam,

And then did drive into the bloody plain.

So when in air the vapours do abound,

Some thunderbolt tears trees, and drives into the
ground. 610

Harold upreared his bill, and furious sent

A stroke, like thunder, at the Norman's side ;

Upon the plain the broken brass besprent

Did not his body from death-doing hide ;

He turnèd back and did not there abide ;

With stretched out shield he ayenward did go,

Threw down the Normans, did their ranks divide,

To save himself, left them unto the foe.

So elephants, in kingdom of the sun,

When once provoked, doth through their own troops
run. 620

Harold, who knew he was his army's stay,
 Needing the rede of general so wise,
 Bid Alfwold to Campynon haste away ;
 As through the army ayenward he hies,
 Swift as a feathered arrow Alfwold flies,
 The steel bill blushing o'er with lukewarm blood.
 Ten Kenters, ten Bristolians for th' emprise
 Hasted with Alfwold where Campynon stood,
 Who ayenward went, whilst every Norman knight
 Did blush to see their champion put to flight. 630

As painted Briton, when a wolfin wild,
 When it is cold, and blustering winds do blow,
 Enters his bordel, taketh his young child,
 And with his blood bestreynts the lily snow,
 He thórough mountain high and dale doth go,
 Through the quick torrent of the swollen Ave,
 Through Severn rolling o'er the sands below
 He skims aloft, and blents the beating wave,
 Nor stints, nor lags the chase, till 'fore his eyne
 In pieces he the murdering thief doth chine. 640

So Alfwold, he did to Campynon haste ;
 His bloody bill awhaped the Norman's eyne ;
 He fled, as wolves when by the talbots chased,
 To bloody battle he did not incline.
 Duke William struck him on his brigandine,
 And said—‘ Campynon, is it thee I see ?
 Thee ? who didst acts of glory so bewryen,
 Now poorly come to hide thyself by me ?
 Away ! thou dog, and act a warrior's part,
 Or with my sword I'll pierce thee to the heart !’ 650

Between earl Alfwold and duke William's bronde
 Campynon thought that naught but death could be,
 Seized a huge sword morglaién in his honde,
 Muttering a prayér to the Virginè.

So hunted deer the driving hounds will slea,
 When they discover they cannot escape ;
 And fearful lambkins, when they hunted be,
 Their infant hunters do they oft awhape.

Thus stood Campynon, great but heartless knight,
 When fear of death made him for death to fight. 660

Alfwold began to dight himself for fight.

Meanwhile his men on every side did slea ;
 When on his lifted shield with all his might
 Campynon's sword in burlie-brande did dree.
 Bewopen, Alfwold fell upon his knee ;
 His Bristol men came in him for to save ;
 Eftsoon upgotten from the ground was he,
 And did again the towering Norman brave.

He grasped his bill in such a drear array,
 He seemed a lion catching at his prey. 670

Upon the Norman's brazen adventayle
 The thundering bill of mighty Alfwold came ;
 It made a dentful bruise and then did fail.
 From rattling weapons shot a sparkling flame.
 Eftsoon again the thundering bill y-came,
 Pierced through his adventayle and skirts of
 lare ;
 A tide of purple gore came with the same,
 As out his bowels on the field it tare.

Campynon fell, as when some city-wall
 In doleful terrors on its miners fa.l. 680

He fell, and did the Norman ranks divide ;
 So when an oak, that shot into the sky,
 Feels the broad axes piercing his broad side,
 Slowly he falls and on the ground doth lie,
 Pressing all down that is with him anigh,
 And stopping weary travellers on the way ;
 So stretched upon the plain the Norman high,

* * * * *

Bled, groaned, and died; the Norman knights
astound

To see the bawsyn champion pressed upon the
ground. 690

As when the hyger of the Severn roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sands below,
The sound rebounds to Wedecestre's shore,
And sweeps the black sand round its hoary prow;
So furious Alfwold through the war did go.
His Kenters and Bristolians slew each side,
Betrented all along with bloodless foe,
And seemed to swim along with bloody tide.

From place to place, besmeared with blood, they went,
And round about theni swarthless corse besprent. 700

A famous Norman, who, y-clept Aubene,
Of skill in bow, in tilt, and hand-sword fight,
That day in field had many Saxons slain,
For he, in soothern, was a man of might.
First did his sword on Adelgar alight,
As he on horseback was, and pierced his groin,
Then upward went; in everlasting night
He closed his rolling and dim-sighted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and famed Adelred,
By various causes sunken to the dead. 710

But now to Alfwold he opposing went,
To whom compared, he was a man of stre,
And with both hands a mighty blow he sent
At Alfwold's head, as hard as he could dree;
But on his painted shield so bismarlie
Aslant, his sword did go into the ground.
Then Alfwold him attacked most furiously,
And through his gaberdine he did him wound;
Then soon again his sword he did upryne,
And clove his crest; and split him to the eyne. 720

* * * * *

THE ROMAUNTE OF THE
CNYGHTE

BY JOHN DE BURGHAM

THE sun into Virginè was gotten,
The flowers all around onspryngede,
The woddie grass blanched the fen,
The yellow flag arised from bed.
Sir Knight did mount upon a steed,
No cart-horse, not little of make,
Then went forth for hardy deed
With morglaie his foemen to make bleed ;
Eke, quickly as wind trees, their hearts to shake.

All down in a dell, a dark gloomy dell, 10
Where coppice eke thighe trees there be,
There did he perchance to see
A damsel asking for aid on her knee ;
A knight uncourteous did by her stand,
He held her fast by her hand.
' Discourteous knight, I do pray now thou tell
Why doest thou be so to the damsel ?'
The knight him answered eftsoons,
' It beeth no matter of thine,
Begone, for I wait not thy boons '. 20

The knight said, ' I prove on the gaberdine '.

Alyche boars enchafed to fight they flies.

The discourteous knight be strong, but stronger the right,

The sound be heard a mile for fury in the fight

Till the false knight y-falleth and dies,

‘Damsel’, quoth the knight, ‘Now come thou with me’.

‘I wot well’, quoth she, ‘I need thee not fear,
The knight y-fallen bad would I should be,
But lo, he is dead, may it speed heavenwere’.

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT

MODERNISED BY CHATTERTON

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,
The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,
The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold,
Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,
Meeting from every hill the ravished sight.
The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,
Hanging regardant o'er its watery bed ;
The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,
Of size uncommon, and no common breed. 10
His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.
To seek for glory and renown he goes,
To scatter death among his trembling foes ;
Unnerved by fear, they trembled at his stroke ;
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale,
Where the cursed screech-owl sings her fatal tale,
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,
Where trees entwining arch the azure sky, 20
Thither the fate-marked champion bent his way,
By purling streams to lose the heat of day.

A sudden cry assaults his listening ear,
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.
The cry re-echoes : with his bounding steed
He gropes the way from whence the cries
proceed.

The arching trees above obscured the light,
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.

And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh ; 30
Through the thick brake the astonished champion
sees

A weeping damsel bending on her knees ;
A ruffian knight would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.
(Women and cats, if you compulsion use,
The pleasure which they die for will refuse.)
The champion thus : 'Desist, discourteous knight,
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might ?'
With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies,
'Begone ! whoever dares my fury dies !' 40
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew,
'I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too'.

Like two fierce mountain-boars enraged they fly,
The prancing steeds make echo rend the sky,
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight,
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian
knight.

The victor, sadly pleased, accosts the dame,
'I will convey you hence to whence you came'.
With look of gratitude the fair replied,
'Content: I in your virtue may confide. 50
But', said the fair, as mournful she surveyed
The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,
'May all thy sins from heaven forgiveness find
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind !'

ECLOGUE THE FIRST

ROBERT and RAUFE

WHEN England, smoking from her deadly wound,
 From her galled neck did pluck the chain away,
 Knowing her lawful sons fall all around,
 (Mighty they fell, 'twas honour led the fray) ;
 Then in a dale, by eve's dark mantle gray,
 Two lonely shepherds did abrodden fly,
 (The rustling leaf doth their white hearts affray),
 And with the owlet trembled and did cry ;
 First Robert Neatherd his sore bosom stroke,
 Then fell upon the ground and thus y-spoke. 10

Rob. Ah, Raufe ! if thus the hours do come along,
 If thus we fly in chase of farther woe,
 Our foot will fail, albeit we be strong,
 Nor will our pace swift as our danger go.
 To our great wrongs we have enhèpèd moe.
 The Barons war ! Oh, woe and well-a-day !
 I haveth life, but havc escapèd so,
 That life itself my senses do affray.

Oh Raufe, come list, and hear my dernie tale,
 Come hear the baleful doom of Robin of the
 Dale. 20

Raufe. Say to me naught ; I know thy woe in mine.
 Oh ! I've a tale that Sabalus might tell.
 Swcet flowerets, mantled meadows, forests
 digne ;
 Gravots, far-seen, around the hermit's cell,
 The sweet ribible sounding in the dell,
 The joyous dancing in the hoastrie court ;
 Eke the high song and every joy, farewell !
 Farewell, the very shade of fair disport ;

Annoying trouble on my head do come,
Nor one kind saint to ward the aye-increasing
doom.

30

Rob. Oh ! I could wail my kingcup-deckèd mees,
 My spreading flocks of sheep of lily white,
My tender applynges, and embodyde trees,
 My parker's grange, far-spreading to the
 sight,
My tender cows, my bullocks strong in fight,
 My garden whitened with the comfreie
 plant,
My flower Saint-Mary shooting with the light,
 My store of all the blessings heaven can
 grant ;
I am duressèd unto sorrow's blow,
Accustomed to the pain, will let no salt tear
 flow.

40

Raufe. Here I will abide until death do 'pear,
 Here, like a foul empoisoned deadly tree,
Which slayeth every one that cometh near,
 So will I, fixèd unto this place, gre.
I to lament haveth more cause than thee ;
 Slain in the war my much-loved father lies ;
Oh ! joyous I his murderer would slea,
 And by his side for aye enclose mine eyes.
Cast out from every joy, here will I bleed,
Fell is the 'cullis-gate of my heart's castle-
 stead.

50

Rob. Our woes alike, alike our fate shall be.
 My son, my only son, y-storven is ;
Here will I stay, and end my life with thee ;
 A life like mine a burden is, I wis.

Now from e'en lodges fled is happiness,
 Minsters alone can boast the holy saint.
 Now doeth England wear a bloody dress,
 And with her champions' gore her face
 depelyncte,
 Peace fled, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
 And thórough air doth fly, in garments stained
 with blood. 60

ECLOGUE THE SECOND

NIGEL

‘SOULS of the blest’, the pious Nigel said,
 ‘Pour out your pleasure on my father’s head.

Richard of lion’s heart to fight is gone,
 Upon the broad sea do the banners gleam ;
 The amenusèd nations be aston
 To see so large a fleet, so fine, so breme.
 The barkis heasods cut the glassy stream ;
 Waves sinking, waves upon the hard oak rise ;
 The water-trumpets, with a swotye cleme,
 Conteke the sounding air, and reach the skies. 10
 Souls of the blest, on golden thrones astedd,
 Pour out your pleasure on my father’s head.

The red depelyncted oars from the black tide,
 Carved with devices rare, do shimmering rise ;
 Upswelling do they shew in drierie pride,
 Like gore-red estells in the eve-dark skies ;
 The name-depcynctèd shields, the spears arise,
 Alyche tall rushes on the water-side ;
 Along from bark to bark the bright sheen flies ;
 Short-lived delights do on the water glide. 20

Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.

The Saracen looks out ; he doëth fear,
That England's furious sons do cut the way ;
Like hunted bucks, they runneth here, and there,
Onknowlachyne in what place to obaie.

The banner glisters on the beam of day,
The mighty cross Jerusalem is seen,
Thereof the sight their courage do affray,
In woeful dole their faces be y-wreene.

Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.

30

The bollengers and cottes, so swift in fight,
Upon the sides of every bark appear ;
Forth to his office leapeth every knight,
Eftsoon his squire, with his shield and spear.
The joining shields do shimmer and much glare,
The dashing oar do make united din ;
The running foemen, thinking if to dare,
Boun the dark sword, they seek affray, they
blyn.

40

Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.

Now come the warring Saracens to fight :
King Richard, like a lyoncelle of war,
In shining gold, like fiery meteors, dight,
Shaketh aloft his hand, and seen afar.
So haveth I espied a greater star
Among the smaller ones to shine full bright ;
So the sun's wain with amayled beams do bar
The silver moon or estells to give light.

50

Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.

Distraught affray, with locks of blood-red dye,
 Terror, emburlèd in the thunder's rage,
 Death, linkèd to dismay, doth ugsomme fly,
 Encouraging every champion war to wage.
 Spears bevyle spears, swords upon swords engage ;
 Armour on armour sounds, shield upon shield ;
 Nor death of thousands can the war assuage ;
 But falling numbers blacken all the field. 60
 Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.
 The foemen fall around, the cross waves high ;
 Stainèd in gore, the heart of war is seen ;
 King Richard, thórough every troop, doth fly
 And beareth many Turks unto the green ;
 By him the flower of Asia's men is slain ;
 The waylynge moon doth fade before his sun ;
 By him his knights be formed to actions digne,
 Doing such marvels, strangers be aston. 70
 Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasure on my father's head.'
 The fight is won : king Richard master is ;
 The English banner kisseth the high air ;
 Full of pure joy the army is, I wis,
 And every one haveth it on his bayre.
 Again to England come, and worshipped there,
 Pulled into loving arms, and feasted eft ;
 In every eye a-reading naught of weere,
 Of all remembrance of past pain bereft. 80
 Souls of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Such pleasures pour upon my father's head.'
 So Nigel said, when from the blue-y sea
 The swollen sail did dance before his eyne ;
 Swift as the wish, he to the beach did flee,
 And found his father stepping from the brine.

Let thyssen men, who haveth soul of love,
 Bethink unto themselves how might the meeting
 prove !

ECLOGUE THE THIRD

A MAN, A WOMAN, SIR ROGER

WOULD'ST thou know nature in her better part ?

Go, search the huts and bordels of the hind ;
 If they have any, it is rough-made art,
 In them you see the naked form of kind ;
 Haveth your mind a liking of a mind ?

Would it know everything, as it might be ?
 Would it hear phrase of the vulgar from the hind,
 Without wiseacre words and knowledge frec ?
 If so, read this, which I disporting penned,
 If naught beside, its rhyme may it commend. 10

Man. But whither, fair maid, do you go ?
 O where do you bend your way ?
 I will know whither you go,
 I will not be answered nay.

Woman. To Robin and Nell, all down in the dell,
 To help them at making of hay.

Man. Sir Roger, the parson, have hired me there,
 Come, come, let us trip it away,
 We'll work and we'll sing, and we'll drink of
 strong beer,
 As long as the merry summer's day. 20

Woman. How hard is my doom to wurch !
 Much is my woe :
 Dame Agnes, who lies in the church
 With birlette gold,
 With gilded aumeres, strong, untold,
 What was she more than me, to be so ?

Man. I see Sir Roger from afar,
 Tripping over the lea ;
 I ask why the loverd's son
 Is more than me. 30

Sir Roger. The sultry sun doth hie apace his wain,
 From every beam a seed of life do fall ;
 Quickly scille up the hay upon the plain,
 Methinks the cocks beginneth to grow
 tall.
 This is alyche our doom ; the great, the
 small,
 Must wither and be dried by deathis
 dart.
 See ! the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all ;
 It with the rank weed beareth equal part.
 The coward, warrior, and the wise be blent,
 Alyche to dry away with those they did
 lament. 40

Man. All-a-boon, Sir Priest, all-a-boon !
 By your priesthood, now say unto me ;
 Sir Gaufrid the knight, who liveth hard by,
 Why should he than me be more great,
 In honour, knighthood, and estate ?

Sir Roger. Attourne thine eyes around this hayèd mee ;
 Carefully look around the chaper dell
 An answer to thy barganette here see,
 This withered floweret will a lesson
 tell ;
 Arist, it blew, it flourished, and did well, 50
 Looking disdainfully on the neighbour
 green ;
 Yet with the deigned green its glory fell,
 Eftsoon it shrank upon the day-burnt
 plain,

Did not its look, whilèst it there did stand,
To crop it in the bud move some dread hand ?

Such is the way of life ; the loverd's ente
Moveth the robber him therefor to slea ;
If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
Believe the truth, there's none more haile
than thee.

Thou workest ; well, can that a trouble be ? 60
Sloth more would jade thee than the
roughest day.

Could'st thou the hidden part of soules see,
Thou would'st eftsoon see truth in what
I say.

But let me hear thy way of life, and then
Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

Man. I rise with the sun,
Like him to drive the wain,
And ere my work is done,
I sing a song or twain.

I follow the plough-tail,
With a long jubb of ale.

But of the maidens, oh !
It lacketh not to tell ;
Sir Priest might not cry woe,
Could his bull do as well.

I dance the best heideignes,
And foil the wisest feynges.

On every saint's high-day
With the minstrel am I seen,
All a-footing it away

With maidens on the green.
But oh ! I wish to be more great
In glory, tenure, and estate.

Sir Roger. Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
 Whose unlist branches reachen far to
 sight?
 When furious tempests do the heaven fill,
 It shaketh dire, in dole and much
 affright;
 Whilst the dwarf floweret, with humility
 dight,
 Standeth unhurt, unquashed by the
 storm.
 Such is a picte of life; the man of might 90
 Is tempest-chafed, his woe great as his
 form;
 Thyself, a floweret of a small account,
 Wouldst harder feel the wind, as thou didst
 higher mount.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH

ELINOURE *and* JUGA

ON Rudborne bank two pining maidens sat,
 Their tears fast dripping to the water clear;
 Each one lamenting for her absent mate,
 Who at Saint Alban's shook the murdering spear.
 The nut-brown Elinoure to Juga fair
 Did speak acroole, with languishment of eyne,
 Like drops of pearly dew, glistened the quivering
 brine.

Elin. O gentle Juga! hear my sad complaint,
 To fight for York, my love is dight in steel;
 O may no sanguine stain the white rose
 paint, 10
 May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert
 wele;
 Much more than death in phantasy I feel;

See, see ! upon the ground he bleeding lies ;
Infuse some juice of life, or else my dear love dies.

Juga. Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
Where melancholy broods, we will lament,
Be wet with morning dew and even dank ;
Like blasted oaks in each the other bent,
Or like forsaken halls of merriment,
Whose ghastly ruins hold the train of fright, 20
Where deadly ravens bark, and owlets wake the
night.

Elin. No more the bagpipe shall awake the morn,
The minstrel-dance, good cheer, and morris-
play ;
No more the ambling palfrey and the horn
Shall from the forest rouse the fox away.
I'll seek the forest all the livelong day ;
All night among the graved churchyard will go,
And to the passing sprites relate my tale of woe.

Juga. When murky clouds do hang upon the leme
Of leden moon, in silver mantles dight ; 30
The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
Of happiness, which flieth with the night.
Then (but the saints forbid !) if to a sprite
Sir Richard's form is lyped, I'll hold, distraught,
His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day in
thought.

Elin. Ah ! woe-lamenting words ! what words can
shew ?
Thou glassy river, on thy bank may bleed
Champions, whose blood will with thy waters
flow,
And Rudborne stream be Rudborne stream
indeed !
Haste, gentle *Juga*, trip it o'er the mead, 40

To know, or whether we must wail again,
Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the plain.

So saying, like two lightning-blasted trees,
Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain,
They movèd gently o'er the dewy mees,
To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
There did they find that both their knights were
slain.

Distraught, they wandered to swell'n Rudborne's side,
Yellèd their deadly knell, sank in the waves, and died.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE

AGAINST a brooklet as I lay reclined,
Listening to hear the water glide along,
Minding how thórough the green mees it twined,
Awhilst the caves responded its muttering song,
At distant rising Avon to be sped,
Mingled with rising hills, did shew its head.

Engarlandèd with crowns of osier weeds
And wreaths of alders of a bercie scent,
And sticking out with clod-agedest reeds,
The hoary Avon shewed dire semblament, 10
Whilst blatant Severn, from Sabrina cleped,
Roars flemie o'er the sandès that she heaped.

These eynegears quickly bringeth to my thought
Of hardy champions knownen to the flood,
How on the banks therof brave Ælla fought,
Ælla descended from Merce kingly blood,
Warden of Bristol town and castle-stead,
Who ever and anon made Danes to bleed.

Methought such doughty men must have a sprite
Dote in the armour-brace that Michael bore, 20
When he with Satan, king of hell, did fight,
And earth was drenchèd in a mere of gore ;
Or, soon as they did see the worldis light,
Fate had wrote down, this man is born to fight.

‘Ælla’, I said, or else my mind did say,
‘Why is thy actions left so spare in story ?
Were I to dispose, there should liven aye
In earth and heaven’s rolls thy tale of glory ;
Thy acts so doughty should for aye abide,
And by their test all after-acts be tried’. 30

Next holy Wareburghus filled my mind,
As fair a saint as any town can boast,
Or be the earth with light or dark y-wrynde,
I see his image walking through the coast ;
Fitz-Harding, Bithrickus, and twenty moe
In vision ’fore my phantasy did go.

Thus all my wandering faytour thinking strayed,
And each digne builder dequaced on my mind,
When from the distant stream arose a maid,
Whose gentle tresses moved not to the wind ; 40
Like to the silver moon in frosty neet,
The damoisel did come, so blithe and sweet.

No broided mantle of a scarlet hue,
No shoe-peaks plaited o’er with riband gear,
No costly paraments of woaden blue,
Naught of a dress but beauty did she wear ;
Naked she was, and lookèd sweet of youth,
All did bewrayen that her name was Truth.

The easy ringlets of her nut-brown hair
 What not a man should see did sweetly hide, 50
 Which on her milk-white bodykin so fair
 Did showlke brown streams fouling the white tide,
 Or veins of brown hue in a marble cuarr,
 Which by the traveller is seen from far.

Astounded mickle, there I silent lay,
 Still scauncing wondrous at the walking sight ;
 My senses, forgard, not could run away,
 But was not forstraught when she did alight
 Anigh to me, dressed up in naked view,
 Which might in some adulterous thoughts a-brew. 60

But I not did once think of wanton thought ;
 For well I minded what by vow I hete,
 And in my pocket had a crouchee brought,
 Which in the blossom would such sins anete ;
 I looked with eyes as pure as angels do,
 And did the every thought of foul eschew.

With sweet semblance and an angel's grace
 She 'gan to lecture from her gentle breast ;
 For Truthès words are in her mindès face,
 False oratories she did aye detest ; 70
 Sweetness was in each word she did y-wreene,
 Though she strove not to make that sweetness sheen.

She said, ' My manner of appearing here
 My name and slighted mindbruch may thee tell ;
 I'm Truth, that did descend from heavenwere,
 Goulers and courtiers do not know me well ;
 Thy inmost thoughts, thy labouring brain I saw,
 And from thy gentle dream will thee adawe.

Full many champions and men of lore,
Painters and carvellers have gained good name, 80
But there's a Canyngē to increase the store,

A Canyngē, who shall buy up all their fame.
Take thou my power, and sec in child and man
What truly nobleness in Canyngē ran'.

As when a cottager on easy bed,
Tired with the labours maynt of sultry day,
In sleepis bosom layeth his deft head,

So, senscs sunk to rest, my body lay ;
Eftsoon my soul, from earthly bands untied,
Mingled in flanchēd air with Truth aside. 90

Straight was I carried back to times of yore,

Whilst Canyngē swathēd yet in fleshly bed,
And saw all actions which had been before,

And all the scroll of fate unravellēd ;
And when the fate-marked babe a-come to sight,
I saw him eager gasping after light.

In all his shepen gambols and child's play,

In every merrymaking, fair, or wake,
I saw a purpled light of wisdom's ray ;

He ate down learning with the wastle-cake. 100
As wise as any of the aldermen,
He'd wit enow to make a mayor at ten.

As the soft downy beard began to gre,

So was the well-thight texture of his lore ;
Each day enheeding mockler for to be,

Great in his counsel for the days he bore.
All tongues, all carols did unto him sing,
Wondering at one so wise, and yet so yinge.

Increasing in the years of mortal life,

And hasting to his journey into heaven, 110
He thought it proper for to choose a wife,
And use the sexes for the purpose given.

He then was youth of comely semelikeede,
And he had made a maiden's heart to bleed.

He had a father (Jesus rest his soul !)

Who lovèd money as his cherished joy ;
He had a brother (happy man be's dole !)

In mind and body his own father's boy.
What then could Canynge wissen as a part
To give to her who had made chop of heart ? 120

But lands and castle-tenures, gold and bighes,
And hoards of silver rusted in the ente,
Canynge and his fair sweet did that despise ;
To change of truly love was their content.

They lived together in a house adigne,
Of good sendaument, comely and fine.

But soon his brother and his sire did die,

And left to William 'states and renting-rolls,
And at his will his brother John supply.

He gave a chantry to redeem their souls, 130
And put his brother into such a trade,
That he lord mayor of London town was made.

Eftsoon his morning turned to gloomy night,

His dame, his second self, gave up her breath,
Seeking for eterne life and endless light,

And fled good Canynge ; sad mistake of death !
So have I seen a flower in summer-time
Trod down and broke, and wither in its prime.

Next Redcliff church (oh, work of hand of heaven,

Where Canynge sheweth as an instrument !) 140
Was to my bismarde eyesight newly given ;

'Tis past to blazon it to good content !

You that would fain the fetive building see,
Repair to Redcliff, and contented be.

I saw the myndbruche of his noble soul
 When Edward menacèd a second wife,
 I saw what pheryons in his mind did roll ;
 Now fixed from second dames a priest for life.
 'This is the man of men', the vision spoke ;
 Then bell for evensong my senses woke. 150

ON OUR LADY'S CHURCH

As on a hill one eve sitting,
 At Our Lady's church much wondering,
 The cunning handiwork so fine
 Had well nigh dazzelèd mine eyne.
 Quoth I : ' Some cunning fairy hand
 Y-reared this chapel in this land ;
 Full well I wot so fine a sight
 Was not y-reared of mortal wight '.

Quoth Truth : ' Thou lackest knowledging ;
 Thou, forsooth, not wottest of the thing. 10
 A reverend father, William Canyng hight,
 Y-rearèd up this chapel bright,
 And eke another in the town
 Where glassy bubbling Trym doth run '.

Quoth I : ' No doubt, for all he's given,
 His soul will certès go to heaven '.

' Yea ', quoth Truth, ' Then go thou home,
 And see thou do as he hath done '.

Quoth I : ' I doubt, that cannot be,
 I have not gotten markès three '.

Quoth Truth : ' As thou hast got, give almsdeeds
 so ;
 Canynges and Gaunts could do no moe '.

T. R.

ON THE SAME

[OUR LADY'S CHURCH]

STAY, curious traveller, and pass not by,
Until this feteive pile astound thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with iron joined survey,
And oaks with oaks entremèd disposed lie.

This mighty pile, that keeps the winds at bay,
Fire, lightning and the murky storm defy,
That shoots aloft into the realms of day,
Shall be the record of the builder's fame for aye.

Thou seest this mastery of a human hand,
The pride of Bristol and the western land ; 10

Yet is the builder's virtues much more great,
Greater than can by Rowlie's pen be scanned.

Thou seest the saints and kings in stony state,

That seemed with breath and human soul dispande ;
As 'pared to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is great Canyng's mind when 'pared to God elate.

Well mayst thou be astound ; but view it well,
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,

And learn the builder's virtues and his name ;
Of this tall spire in every county tell, 20

And with thy tale the lazing rich men shame ;

Shew how the glorious Canyng did excel,
How he, good man, a friend for kings became,
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR
LADY'S CHURCH

SOON as bright sun along the skies
Had sent his ruddy light,
And fairies hid in oxlip cups
Till wished approach of night,
The matin-bell with shrilly sound
Re-echoed through the air,
A troop of holy friars did
For Jesus' mass prepare ;
Around the high unsainted church
With holy relics went,
And every door and post about
With godly things besprent.
Then Carpenter, in scarlet dressed,
And mitred holily,
From Master Canyng his great house
With rosary did hie.

Before him went a throng of friars
Who did the mass-song sing,
Behind him Master Canyng came,
Tricked like a barbèd king ;
And then a row of holy friars
Who did the mass-song sound ;
The procurators and church-reeves
Next pressed upon the ground.
And when unto the church they came,
A holy mass was sang,
So loudly was their swotie voice,
The heaven so high it rang.
Then Carpenter did purify
The church to God for aye.

10

20

30

With holy masses and good psalms,
Which he did therein say.

Then was a sermon preachèd soon
By Carpenter holÿ,

And after that another one
Y-preached was by me.

Then all did go to Canyngē's house,
An interlude to play,

And drink his wine and ale so good,
And pray for him for aye.

40

THE PARLYAMENTE OF SPRYTES

WRITTEN BY T. ROWLEIE AND J. ISCAM

INTRODUCTION BY QUEEN MAB. (BY ISCAM)

WHEN from the earth the sun's hulstrèd,
Then, from the flowerets straught with dew,
My liege men make ye awhapèd,
And witches their wychencref do.

Then rise the sprites terrible and rou,
And take their walk the churchyard through.

Then do the sprites of valorous men
Agleam along the barbèd hall,
Pleasant the mouldering banners ken,
Or sit around in honoured stall.

Our sprites attourne their eyes to-night,
And look on Canyngē his church bright.

In sooth, in all my bismarde round,
Truly the thing must be bewryen,
In stone or wooden work is found
Naught so fair-welcome to mine eyne
As is good Canyngē his church of stone,
Which blatauntlie will show his praise alone.

10

TO JOHN CARPENTER, BISHOP OF WORCESTER
(BY ROWLEIE)

To you, good bishop, I address my say,
To you, who honoureh the cloth you wear ; 20
Like precious jewels in gold of best allay,
Each one doth make the other seem more fair.

Other than you, where could a man be found
So fit to make a place be holy ground ?

The saints in stone so neatly carvellèd,
They scarcely are what they enseem to be,
By fervent prayer of yours might rear their head,
And chant out masses to our Virginè.

Were every prelate like a Carpenter,
The church would not blush at a Winchester. 30

Learned as Beauclerc, as the Confessor
Holy in life, like Canyng charitable,
Busy in holy church as Vavasour,
Slack in things evil, in all good things stable,
Honest as Saxons was, from whence thou'rt sprung,
Though body weak, thy soul for ever young.

Thou knowest well thy conscience free from stain,
Thy soul her rode no sable 'batements have ;
Y-clenched o'er with virtue's best adaygne,
A day eterne thy mind does aye adave. 40
No spoilèd widows, orphyäns distressed,
Nor starving priests distract thy nightly rest.

Here then to thee let me, for one and all,
Give laud to Carpenter and commendation,
For his great virtues ; but, alas ! too small
Is my poor skill to shew you his just blation,
Or to blaze forth his public good alone,
And all his private good to God and him is known.

Spirit of Nimrod speaketh. (BY ISCAM)

Soon as the morn, but newly 'wake,
Spied night y-storven lie,

On her corse did dewdrops shake,
Then 'fore the sun upgotten was I.

The ramping lion, fell tigère,
The buck that skips from place to place,
The elephant and rhinocère,
Before me through the greenwood I did chase.

Nimrod, as Scripture calls my name,
Baal, as jetted stories say ;
For rearing Babel of great fame
My name and renown shall lyven for aye.

But here I spy a finer rearing,
'Gainst which the cloudès doth not fight,
On which the stars do sit, to appearing ;
Weak men think it reaches the kingdom of light.

Oh ! where is the man that builded the same,
Expending worldly store so well ?
Fain would I change with him my name,
And stand in his chance not to go to hell.

Sprites of Assyrians sing

When, to their caves eterne abest,
Then waters have no more distressed

The world so large ;
But did discharge

Themselves into their bed of rest ;

Then men, besprengèd all abroad,
No more did worship the true God ;

But did create
High temples great

Unto the image of Nimròd.

But now the Word of God is come,
 Born of Maid Mary, to bring home 80
 Mankind, his sheep ;
 Them for to keep
 In the fold of his heavenly kingdom.

This church which Canynge he did rear,
 To be usèd in praise and prayer,
 Men's souls to save
 From 'vouring grave,
 And purify them heaven-were.

Sprites of ELLE, BYTHRYCKE, FITZ-HARDYNGE,
 FRAMPTON, GAUNTES, SEGOWEN, LANYGETON,
 Knights Templars, and BYRTONNE. (BY
 ROWLEIE)

Sprite of BYTHRYCKE speaketh

Ellè, thy Bristol is thy only care,
 Thou art like dragon vigilant of its good ; 90
 No loving dames, too kind, more love can bear,
 Nor Lombards over gold more vigilant brood.

Sprite of ELLE speaketh

Quickly, ye sprites, forsake the swollen flood,
 And browke a sight with me, a sight enfyne ;
 Well have I vended mine for Danish blood,
 Since this great structure greets my 'mazèd eyne.
 Ye that have builded on the Radclefte side,
 Turn there your eyes, and see your works outvied !

Sprite of BYTHRYCKE speaketh

What wondrous monument ! what pile is this,
 That binds in wonder's chain entendèment ? 100
 That doth aloft the airy skyèn kiss,
 And seemeth mountains, joinèd by cement,

From God His great and wondrous storehouse sent.

Full well mine eyes conceive it cannot be,
That man could rear of such a great extent
A church so bawsyn handsome as we see.
The 'frighted clouds, disparted, from it fly,
'Twill be, I wis, to all eternity.

ELLE'S sprite speaketh

Were I once more cast in a mortal frame,
To hear the chantry-song sound in mine ear, 110
To hear the masses to our holy dame,
To view the cross-aisles and the arches fair !
Through the half-hidden silver-twinkling glare
Of yon bright moon in foggy mantles dressed ;
I must content the building to aspere,
Whilst broken clouds the holy sight arrest ;
Till, as the nights grow old, I fly the light.
Oh ! were I man again, to see the sight !

There sit the canons ; cloth of sable hue
Adorn the bodies of them every one ; 120
The chanters white with scarfs of woaden blue,
And crimson chappeaus for them to put on,
With golden tassels, glittering in the sun ;
The dames in kirtles all of Lincoln green,
And knotted shoe-peaks, of brave colours done.
A finer sight in sooth was never seen.

BVRTONNE'S sprite speaketh

In tilts and tournies was my dear delight,
For man and God His warfare had rennome,
At every tilting-yard my name was hight,
I bear the bell away where'er I come. 130
Of Redcliff church the building new I done,
And did full many holy place endow,
Of Mary's house made the foundation,
And gave a threescore marks to John his too.

Then closed mine eyes, on earth to ope no moe,
Whilst six-month's mind upon my grave was doe.

Full glad am I my church was pullèd down,

Since this brave structure doth agreeit mine eye.

This building rare, most noble of the town,

Like to the donor's soul, shall never die. 140

But if, percase, time, of his dire envy,

Shall beat it to rude walls and heaps of stone,

The wandering traveller, that passes by,

Will see its ruined ancient splendour shewn

In the old arches and the carvelling,

And pillars their green heads to heaven rearing.

Sprite of SEGOWEN speaketh

Deceiving gold was once my only toy,

With it my soul within the coffer lay,

It did the mastery of my life employ,

By night my mistress, and my jubb by day. 150

Once, as I dozing in the witch-hour lay,

Thinking how to benym the orphan's bread,

And from the helpless take their goods away,

I from the skyen heard a voice, which said :

'Thou sleepest ; but lo ! Satan is awake,

Some deed that's holy do, or he thy soul will take'.

I quickly was upryst, with fear astound,

Methought in mirk was playing devils felle ;

Straight did I number twenty aves round,

Thinking full soon for to go to hell. 160

In the morn my case to a good priest did tell,

Who did counsel me to y-build that day

The church of Thomas, then to pieces fell.

My heart expanded into heaven lay :

Soon was the silver to the workmen given,

'Twas best bestowed, a karynte gave to heaven.

But well, I wot, thy causalles were not so,
 'Twas love of God that set thee on the rearing
 Of this fair church, Oh ! Canynge, for to do
 This noble building of so fine appearing ; 170
 This church, our lesser buildings all out-daring,
 Like to the moon with stars of little light ;
 And after-times, the handsome pile revering,
 The prince of churches' builders thee shall hight ;
 Great was the cause, but greater was the effect,
 So all will say who do this place prospect.

Sprite of FITZ-HARDYNGE speaketh

From royal parents did I have retaining,
 The red-haired Dane confessed to be my sirc ;
 The Dane who, often through this kingdom draining,
 Would mark their way athrowgh with blood and
 fire. 180

As stoppèd rivers always rise more higher,
 And rammed stones by opposures stronger be,
 So they, when vanquishèd, did prove more dire,
 And for one countryman did threescore slea.
 From them, of Denmark's royal blood, came I,
 Well might I boast of my gentility.

The pipes may sound and bubble forth my name,
 And tellen what on Radclefte-side I did ;
 Trinity College should not grudge my famc,
 The fairest place in Bristol y-buildèd. 190
 The royal blood that through my veinès slid
 Did tinge my heart with many a noble thought ;
 Like to my mind the minster y-rearèd
 With noble carvèd workmanship was wrought ;
 High at the daïs, like a king on's throne,
 Did I take place, and was myself alone.

But thou, the builder of this pleasant place,
 Where all the saints in sweet adjunction stand,
 A very heaven for its beauteous grace,
 The glory and the wonder of the land, 200
 That shews the builder's mind and former's hand
 To be the best that on the earth remains,
 At once for wonder and delight command,
 Shewing how much he of the god retains :
 Canyng, the great, the charitable, and good,
 Noble as kings, if not of kingly blood.

Sprite of FRAMPTONE speaketh

Bristol shall speak my name, and Radclefte too,
 For here my deeds were godly every one,
 As Owden's minster by the gate will shew,
 And John's at Bristol what my works have
 done, 210
 Besides another house I had begun.
 But mine, compared to this one, is a groffe,
 Not to be mentioned or lookèd upon,
 A very punelstre or very scoff.
 Canyng, thy name shall living be for aye,
 Thy name not with the church shall waste away.

Sprite of GAUNTES speaketh

I did full many reparations give,
 And the Bonne-Hommès did full rich endow,
 As touring to my God on earth did live,
 So all the Bristol chronicles will shew. 220
 But all my deeds will be as nothing now
 Since Canyng has this building finishèd,
 Which seemeth to be the pride of Bristow,
 And by no building to be overmatched :
 Which aye shall last and be the praise of all,
 And only in the wreck of nature fall.

A Knight Templar's sprite speaketh

In holy ground, where Saracens defile

The ground whereon our Saviour did go ;

And Christ His temple make to mosquès vile,

Wordies of despite 'gainst our Saviour
throw ;

230

T'here 'twas that we did our warfarage do,

Guarding the pilgrims of the Christian fay ;

And did our holy arms in blood embrue,

Moving like thunder-bolts in drear array,

Our strokes, like lightning tearing the tall tree,

Our God our arm with deadly force did dree.

Maint tenures fair, and manors of great wealth,

Green woods, and brooklets running through the
lea,

Did men us give for their dear soul her health ;

Gave earthly riches for goods heavenly. 240

Nor did we let our riches useless be,

But did y-build the Temple Church so fine ;

The which is wrought about so bismarlie,

It seemeth camoys to the wondering eyne.

And ever and anon when bells ringèd,

From place to place it moveth its high head :

But Canyng from the sweat of his own brows

Did get his gold and raise this beauteous house.

LANYGETON's sprite speaketh

Let all my faults be buried in the grave :

All obloquies be rotted with my dust ;

250

Let him first carpen that no wemmes have ;

'Tis past man's nature for to be aye just.

But yet, in soothen, to rejoice I must,

That I did not immeddle for to build ;

Since this quaintissed place so glorious,

Seeming all churches joinèd in one guild,

Has now supplied for what I had [not] done,
Which, to my candle, is a glorious sun.

ELLE'S *sprite speaketh*

Then let us all do jointly reverence here ;
The best of men and bishops here do stand, 260
Who are God's shepherds and do take good care
Of the good sheep He putteth in their hand ;
Not one is lost, but all in well likand
Await to hear the General Bishop's call,
When Michael's trump shall sound to inmost land,
Affright the wicked, and awaken all ;
Then Canyng rises to eternal rest,
And finds he chose on earth a life the best.

ON THE MINSTER

ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN, SECOND ABBOT OF SAINT
AUSTIN'S MINSTER

WITH hasty step religion, dight in grey,
Her face of doleful hue,
Swift as an arrow through bright heaven took her
way,
And oft and ere anon did say,
‘ Ah me ! What shall I do ?
See Bristol city, which I now do ken,
Arising to my view,
Thick thronged with soldiers and with traffic-men ;
But saintes I see few ’.

Fitz-Hardyngē rose—he rose like bright sun in the
morn,

10

‘ Fair dame, adryne thine eyne,
Let all thy grief be mine ;
For I will rear thee up a minster high,
The top whereof shall reach into the sky ;
And will a monk be shorn ?

Then did the dame reply,

‘ I shall not be forlorn ;
Here will I take a comfortable rest,
And spend my days upon Fitz-Hardyngē’s breast ’.

FRAGMENT ON RICHARD I.

ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN, SECOND ABBOT OF SAINT
AUSTIN’S MINSTER

HEART of lion ! Shake thy sword,
Bare thy murdering stainèd hand,
Quash whole armies to the queed,
Work thy will in burlie brande,
Barons here on cushions ’broidered,
Fight in furs against the cale,
Whilst thou in thundering armès
Warriketh whole cities’ bale.

Heart of lion ! Sound the beme,
Sound it into inner lands ;
Fear flies sporting in the cleme,
In thy banner terror stands.

10

THE WARRE

ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN, SECOND ABBOT OF SAINT
AUSTIN'S MINSTER

Of war's glum pleasure do I chant my lay,
Truth tips the pencil, wisdom marks the line,
Whilst hoar experience telleth what to say,
And blasted husbandry with bleary eyne,
Standeth and woe laments ; the trickling brine
Running adown his cheeks which doeth shew,
Like his unfruitful fields, long strangers to the plough.

Say, Gloucester, when, besprenged on every side,
The gentle, hyndlette, and the villein fell ;
When smoking blood did flow like to a tide, 10
And sprites were damnèd for the lack of knell,
Diddest thou know no likeness to an hell,
Where all were misdeeds doing like unwise,
Where hope unbarred and death eftsoon did shut their
eyes ?

Ye shepherd swains who ribible ken,
End the tight dance, nor look upon the spear ;
In ugsommnesse war must be clothed to men,
Unhappiness attendeth honour-were ;
Quaff your sweet vernage and atreted bcer.

THE WORLD: AN INTERLUDE

FATHER, SON, and MINSTRELS

Father. To the world new and its bestoykenyngc
way,

This coistrel son of mine is all my care ;
Ye minstrels, warn him how with rede he
stray

Where gilded vice doth spread his masiclled
snare ;

To getting wealth I would he should be bred,
And crowns of ruddy gold, not glory, round
his head.

1 Min. My name is Interest, 'tis I
Do into all bosoms fly ;
Each one's hidden secret's mine ;
None so worthy, good, and digne, 10
But will find it to their cost,
Interest will rule the roast.
I to every one give laws,
Self is first in every cause.

2 Min. I am a faytour flame
Of lemmies melancholy,
Love some behight my name,
Some do anemp me Folly.
In sprites of melting mould
I set my burning seal ;
To me a gouler's gold
Doth not a pin avail ; 20

I prey upon the health,
 And from God's counsel flee ;
 The man who would get wealth
 Must never think of me.

3 *Min.* I be the Queed of Pride, my 'spiring head
 Must reach the clouds, and still be rising
 high.

Too little is the earth to be my bed,
 Too hannow for my breathing-place, the
 sky. 30

Daynous I see the world beneath me lie.
 But to my betters I so little 'gree,
 Beneath a shadow of a shade I be ;
 'Tis to the small alone that I can multiply.

4 *Min.* I am the Queed of Goulers ; look around,
 The airs about me thieves do represent ;
 Bloodstainèd robbers spring from out the
 ground,
 And airy visions swarm around my ente.
 Oh ! save my monies, it is their intent
 Tonymme the red god of my frightened
 sprite ; 40.
 What joy can goulers have, or day or night ?

5 *Min.* Vice be I hight, on gold full oft I ride,
 Full fair unto the sight for aye I seem ;
 My ugsomness with golden veils I hide,
 Laying my lovers in a silken dream.
 But when my untrue pleasures have been
 tried,
 Then do I shew all filthiness and rou,
 And those I have in net would fain my grip
 eschew.

6 *Min.* I be great Death ; all know me by the name,
 But none can say how I do loose the
 sprite ; 50
 Good men my tardying delay doeth blame,
 But most rich goulers from me take a
 flight ;
 Mickle of wealth I see, where'er I came,
 Doëth my terror mickle multiply,
 And maketh them afraid to live or die.

Father. How ! villain minstrels, and is this your rede ?
 Away, away ! I will not give a curse.
 My son, my son, of this my speech take heed,
 Nothing is good that bringeth not to purse.

IN IMITATION OF OUR OLD POETS
 ONE CANTO OF AN ANCIENT POEM, CALLED
 THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT ; OR, THE
 TOURNAMENT

THE mattin-bell had sounded long,
 The cocks had sang their morning song,
 When lo ! the tuneful clarions' sound,
 (Wherein all other noise was drowned)
 Did echo to the rooms around,
 And greet the ears of champions strong ;
 ' Arise, arise from downy bed,
 For sun doth 'gin to shew his head ! '

Then each did don in seemly gear,
 What armour each beseemed to wear,
 And on each shield devices shone,
 Of wounded hearts and battles won,

All curious and nice each one ;
With many a tasselled spear ;
And, mounted each one on a steed,
Unwote, made ladies' hearts to bleed.

I Heralds each side the clarions wound,
The horses started at the sound ;
The knights each one did point the lance,
And to the combats did advance ;
From Hiberne, Scotland, eke from France ;
Their prancing horses tare the ground ;
All strove to reach the place of fight.
The first to exercise their might—

20

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Who, swift as lightning were his feet,
First gained the lists and gat him fame ;
From West Hibernee Isle he came,
His might depictedured in his name.
All dreaded such an one to meet ;
Bold as a mountain-wolf he stood,
Upon his sword sat grim death and blood.

30

But when he threw down his asenglave,
Next came in Sir Botelier bold and brave,
The death of many a Saracen ;
They thought him a devil from hell's black pen,
Not thinking that any of mortal men
Could send so many to the grave.
For his life to John Rumsee he rendered his thanks,
Descended from Godred, the King of the Manks. 40

Within his sure rest he settled his spear,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career ;
Their lances with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,

Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there :
So great the shock, their senses did depart,
The blood all ran to strengthen up the heart.

Sir Botelier Rumsie first came from his trance,
And from the marshal took the lance ; 50
O'Rocke eke chose another spear,
And ran at Sir Botelier [in] full career ;
His prancing steed the ground did tear :
In haste he made a false advance ;
Sir Botelier seeing, with might amain,
Felled him down upon the plain.

Sir Pigotte Novlin at the clarions' sound,
On a milk-white steed with gold trappings around,
He couched in his rest his silver-point spear,
And fiercely ran up in full career ; 60
But for his appearance he paid full dear,
In the first course laid on the ground ;
Besmeared in the dust with his silver and gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

Sir Botelier then having conquered his twain,
Rode conqueror off the tourneying plain ;
Receiving a garland from Alice's hand,
The fairest lady in the land.

Sir Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily pain. 70

Sir Botelier crowned, most gallantly stood,
As some tall oak within the thick wood.

Awhile the shrill clarions sounded the word ;
Next rode in Sir John, of Adderleigh lord,
Who over his back his thick shield he did bring,
In checkee of red and silver shining,

With steed and gold trappings besemming a king,
 A gilded fine adder twined round his sword.
 De Bretville advanced, a man of great might,
 And couched his lance in his rest for the fight. 80

Fierce as the falling waters of the lough,
 That tumble headlong from the mountain's brow,
 Even so they met in dreary sound ;
 De Bretville fell upon the ground,
 The blood from inward bruised wound
 Did out his stainèd helmet flow ;
 As some tall bark upon the foamy main,
 So lay De Bretville on the plain.

Sir John, of the Dale, or Compton, hight,
 Advancèd next in lists of fight ; 90
 He knew the tricks of tourneying full well,
 In running race no man could him excel,
 Or how to wield a sword better tell,
 And eke he was a man of might :
 On a black steed with silver trappings dight
 He dared the dangers of the tourneyed fight.

Within their rests their spears they set,
 So furiously each other met,
 That Compton's well-intended spear
 Sir John his shield in pieces tare,
 And wounded his hand in furious geir ; 100
 Sir John's steel asenglave was wet :
 Sir John then to the marshal turned,
 His breast with mickle fury burned.

The 'tenders of the field came in,
 And bade the champions not begin ;
 Eaeh tourney but one hour should last,
 And then one hour was gone and past.

*

*

*

THE BRODER OF ORDERYS
WHYTE

THERE was a brother of orders white,
He sung his masses in the night ;

 Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

The nuns all sleeping in the dorture,
Thought him of all singing friars the flower.

 Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

Sister Agnes loved his singing well,
And sung with him too, the soothen to tell :

 Ave Maria, etc.

But be it not said by old or young
That ever they otherwise did sing

 Than Ave Maria, etc.

10

This brother was called everywhere,
To Kenshamm and to Bristol nonnere ;

 Ave Maria, etc.

But singing of masses did work him so low,
Above his skin his bones did grow.

 Ave Maria, etc.

He eaten beef and dishes of mows,
And haunted every knightés house

20

 With Ave Maria, etc.

And being once more in good lyken,
He sang to the nuns and was poren again ;

 With Ave Maria, etc.

DIALOGUE

*Between MASTER PHILPOT and WALWORTH,
Cockneies*

PHILPOT

GOD ye God den, my good neighbour, how d'ye
ail?

How does your wife, man! what never assole?

Cum rectitute vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

WALWORTH

Ah, Master Philpot, evil tongues do say,
That my wife will lyen down to-day :
'Tis not twain months since she was mine for aye.

PHILPOT

*Animum submittere noli rebus in advresis,
Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.*
But I pity you, neighbour, is it so?

WALWORTH

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est. 10
Alack, alack, a sad doom mine, in fay,
But oft with citizens it is the case ;
Honestâ turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as ancient pensmen says.

PHILPOT

Home news well let alone and Latin too,
For me a memory doth 'gin to fail ;
Say, Master Walworth, what good news have you,
Pray have you hearden of the stones of hail?

WALWORTH

I have, and that it with reddour did 'sail ;
 Some hailstones were like cherries rege and
 great, 20
 And to the ground there did the trees prevail.
 But goodman Philpot, what do you ahete
 'Bout goods of Lamington, now held by you,
 For certain monies' store to you for chattels due ?

PHILPOT

Ah, I havenymd him special ; for his wine
 Have ta'en at once twelve pounds ; for dainty
 cheer,
 Though the same time my wife with him did dine,
 Been paid a mark—non-extra of the beer ;
 But when his sinking purse did 'gin to wear,
 I lent him full six marks upon his faie ; 30
 And he, poor custrel, having naught to spare,
 Favoured a clear and now doth run away.
 His goods I down at Bristol town will sell,
 For which I will get forty shining marks full well.

WALWORTH

Tide life, tide death, I will with thee go down,
 And sell some goods too in brave Bristol town.

THE MERRIE TRICKES OF
LAMYNGETOWNE

BY MAISTRE JOHN A ISCAM

Lam. A rigorous doom is mine, upon my fay,
 Before the parent-star, the lightsome sun,
 Hath three times lighted up the cheerful day,
 To other realms must Lamington be gone,

Or else my flimsy thread of life is spun.

And shall I hearken to a coward's rede,
And from so vain a shade as life is, run?

No! fly all thoughts of running to the
queed;

No! here I'll stay, and let the cockneys see
That Lamington the brave will Lamington still
be.

10

To fight, and not to flee, my sabatans

I'll don, and gird my sword unto my side;

I'll go to ship, but not to foreign lands,

But act the pirate, rob in every tide;

With cockneys' blood shall Thamysis be dyed.

Their goods in Bristol market shall be sold,
My bark the loverde of the waters ride,

Her sails of scarlet and her stere of gold;

My men the Saxons, I the Hengist, be,

And in my ship combine the force of all their
three.

20

Go to my trusty men in Selwood's chase

That through the lesselle hunt the burlèd
boar;

Tell them how stands with me the present case,

And bid them revel down at Watchet's
shore,

And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no
more;

Let every auntrous knight his armour brace,
Their meats be man's flesh, and their beverage

gore,

Hancele, or hancled from, the human race.

Bid them, like me their leader, shape their mind
 To be a bloody foe, in arms 'gainst all
 mankind. 30

Ralph. I go my boon companions for to find.

[*Exit RALPH.*]

Lam. Unfaithful cockney dogs ! your god is gain.

When in your town I spent my great estate,
 What crowds of cits came flocking to my train,
 What shoals of tradesmen caten from my
 plate !

My name was always Lamington the great.

But when my wealth was gone, ye knew me
 not,

I stood in ward, ye laughéd at my fate,
 Nor cared if Lamington the great did rot.

But know, ye curriedowes ye soon shall feel, 40
 I'vc got experience now, although I bought it
 weel !

You let me know that all the world are knaves,

That lords and cits are robbers in disguise ;

I and my men, the cockneys of the waves,

Will profit by your lessons and be wise ;

Make you givc back the harvest of your lies ;

From deep-fraught barks I'll take the miser's
 soul,

Make all the wealth of every [man] my prize,

And, cheating London's pride, to digncr
 Bristol roll.

* * * * *

LAMINGTON, PHILPOTT, and ROBYNNE

Lam. Thou sayest, man, that thou would'st go with
 me, 50

* And bear a part in all my men's emprise ;
 Think well upon the dangers of the sea,
 And guess if that will not thee rccradize,

When through the skies the lightning
brandë flies,

And lightnings sparkle in the whited oundes,
Seeming to rise at lepestones to the skies,
And not contented be with its set bounds.

Then rolls the bark and tosses to and fro ;
Such dreary scenes as this will cast thy blood, I
trow.

Think, when with bloody axes in our hands, 60
We are to fight for gold and silver too,
Our neighbour's myndbruch life no one then
stands,

But all his aim and end is—death to do.

Rob. I've thought on all, and am resolved to go ;
Fortune ! no more I'll be thy taunted slave,
Once I was great, now plunged in want and
woe,

I'll go and be a pick-hatch of the wave.

Goods I have none, and life I do disdain,
I'll be a victor, or I'll break my galling chain.

I'll wash my hands in blood and deal in
death, 70

Our ship shall blow along with winds of dying
breath.

Lam. I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doom,
Thou wilt hereafter a brave captain be ;
Go thou to Bristol, stay until we come,
For there we shall, haply, have need of thee ;
And for a tight and shapely warehouse see
Wherein to put the chattels we shall bring,
And know if there two cockney knaves may
be,
Philpott and Walworth ; so report doth sing ;

If so, I'll trounce the usurer, by my fay ! So
 There's monies, man, for thee--Ralph ! take
 the things away

Which we from Watchet town have taken now ;
 In the bark's bottom see the same thou stow.

Ralph. Master of mine, I go as you do say.

Rob. And I to Bristol town will haste away.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE BALDWYNNE

WHEN Norrurs and his men of might,
 Upon this bridge dared all to fight,
 Forslagen many warriors lay,
 And Dacians well-nigh won the day.
 When doughty Baldwinus arose,
 And scattered death among his foes ;
 From out the bridge the purling blood
 Embollèd high the running flood.
 Death did upon his anlace hang,
 And all his arms were *gutte de sangue*. 10
 His doughtiness wrought such dismay,
 The foreign warriors ran away.
 Earl Baldwinus regarded well
 How many men forslagen fell ;
 To heaven lift up his holy eye,
 And thankèd God for victory ;
 Then threw his anlace in the tide,
 Lived in a cell, and hermit died.

SONGE OF SEYNCTE WARBURGHE

WHEN king Kynghill in his hand
 Held the sceptre of this land,
 Shining star of Christès light,
 The murky mists of pagan night
 'Gan to scatter far and wide.
 Then Saint Warburghe he arose,
 Doffed his honours and fine clothes ;
 Preaching his Lord Jcsus' name,
 To the land of Wessex came,
 Where black Severn rolls his tide.

10

Strong in faithfulness, he trod
 O'er the waters like a god,
 Till he gained the distant hecke,
 In whose banks his staff did stick,
 Witness to the miracle.
 Then he preachèd night and day,
 And set many in right way.
 This good staff great wonders wrought,
 More than guessed by mortal thought,
 Or than mortal tongue can tell.

20

Then the folk a bridge did make
 O'er the stream unto the hecke,
 All of wood eke long and wide,
 Pride and glory of the tide ;
 Which in time did fall away.
 Then earl Leof he bespedde
 This great river from his bed,
 Round his castle for to run ;
 'Twas in truth an ancient one,
 But war and time will all decay.

30

Now again, with bremie force,
 Severn, in his ancient course,
 Rolls his rapid stream along,
 With a sable swift and strong,
 Moreyng many an oaky wood.
 We, the men of Bristol town,
 Have y-reerd this bridge of stone,
 Wishing each that it may last
 Till the date of days be past,
 Standing where the other stood.

IN IMITATION OF OUR OLD POETS
 ON OURE LADYES CHIRCH

*(Acknowledged by Chatterton as his work, and
 consequently printed without alteration)*

IN auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
 Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
 Whos cutting celes, as the Bardyes synge,
 Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
 Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,
 As great as good, and eke as good as great.
 Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
 Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiey bank,
 And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,
 Emyttinge to the feelds a dewie dank,
 As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;

Here stood a house, that in the ryver smile
Since valorous Urs a first wonne Bryttayn Isle ;
The stones in one as firm as rock unite,
And it defyde the greatest Warriours myghte.

Around about the lofty elemens hie,
Proud as their planter, reerde their greenie crest,
Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes came bie

In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest. 20

Attendynge Squires dreste in trickynge brighte,
To each tenth Squier an attendynge Knyghte,
The hallie hung with pendaunts to the flore,
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore ;

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,

Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in mewes, and, little birds to teir,

The Sparrow Hawke, and manie Hawkies godc.

Just in the prime of life, when others court

Some swottie Nymph, to gain their tender
hand, 30

Greet with the Kynge and trerdie greet with the
Court

And as aforesed mickle much of land . . .

* * * * *

A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE

WROTE BIE RAUFE CHEDDER, CHAPPMANNE, 1356

IN former days, as story says,

In famous Bristol town

There livèd knights, doughty in fights,

Of marvellous renown.

A Saxon bold, renowned of old

For death and cruel deed,

Maint Tanmen lone, the bridge upon,

I-causing them to bleed.

Baldwin his name, rolls say the same,

And give him glory great,

He livèd near the Ellynteire,

All by Saint Leonard's Gate.

10

A mansion high, made bismarlie,

Was rearèd by his hand,

When he y-sterve, his name unkervc,

In Baldwin Street do stand.

Onc Ælla then, of Mercian men,

As many pencils blase,

In castle-steed made doleful deed,

And did the Danes arrase.

20

One Leëfwync, of kingly line,

In Bristol town did live,

And to the same for his good name

The Ackman Gate did give.

Hammon, a lord of high accord,

Was in the street named Brede;

So great his might, so strong in fight,

On battle he did feed.

Fitz Lupous digne, of gentle line,
 On Radcliffe made his bay,
 In muddy ground, the which upon
 Both sedge and rushes lay.

30

There Radcliffe street of mansions meet
 In seemly gear do stand,
 And Canyng great of fair estate
 Bringeth to Trading land.

Harding did come from long kingdom
 In Knyvesmyth Street to line,
 Robert, his son, much good things done,
 As abbots to blasynne.

40

Robert the earl, no conquered churl,
 In castle-steed did fray ;
 Young Henry too in Bristol true
 As hydelle did obaie.

A mayor there be, and I am not he,
 But an ungentle wight ;—
 Saint Mary tend each amnie friend
 By holy taper light.

ON HAPPINESSE

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE

MAY happiness on earthès bounds be had ?
 May it adyghte in human shape be found ?
 Wote ye, was it with Eden's bower bestadde,
 Or quite erasèd from the scaunce-layed ground,
 When from the secret founts the waters did
 abound ?

Does it affrighted shun the bodied walk,
Live to itself and to its echoes talk ?

All hail, content, thou maid of turtle-eyne,
As thy beholders think thou art y-wreene,
To ope the door to happiness is thine, 10
And Christ His glory doth upon thee sheene ;
Doer of the foul thing ne'er hath thee seen ;
In caves, in woods, in woe, and sad distress,
Whoe'er hath thee hath gotten happiness.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE

MY lovèd entes, adieu ! No more the sight
Of golden mark shall meet my joyous eyne,
No more the silver noble, shining bright,
Shall fill my hand with weight to speak it fine ;
No more, no more, alas ! I call you mine.
Whither must you, ah ! whither must I go ?
I know not either. Oh, my emmers digne,
To part with you will work me mickle woe.
I must be gone, but where I dare not tell ;
Oh storthe unto my mind ! I go to hell. 10

Soon as the morn did dight the ruddie sun,
A shade of thieves each streak of light did seem ;
When in the heaven full half his course was run,
Each stirring neighbour did my heart afleme ;
Thy loss, or quick or sleep, was aye my dream ;
For thee, O gold, I did the law y-crase ;
For thee I gotten, or by wiles or breme ;
In thee I all my joy and good did place ;
But now to me thy pleasure is no moe,
I know not but for thee I to the queed must go. 20

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE

JOHNE makes a jarre 'bout Lancaster and Yorke ;
Be still, good man, and learn to mind thy work.

HERAUDYN

A FRAGMENT

YOUNG Heraudyn all by the green wood sat,
Hearing the sweet chelandrie and the oue,
Seeing the marked enamelled flowerets neat,
Ensyngynge to the birds his love song true.
Sir priest came by and forth his bead-roll drew,
Five Aves and a Pater must be said ;
Twain song : the one his song of willow rue,
The other one—

* * . * * *

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE

THIS morning-star of Redcliff's rising ray,
A true man, good of mind, and Canynge hight,
Beneath this stone lies mouldering into clay,
Until the dark tomb shine an eterne light.
Third from his loins the present Canynge came ;
Hollow are wordès for to tell his due ;
For aye shall live his heaven-recorded name,
Nor shall it die when time shall be no more.

When Michael's trump shall sound to rise the soul,
He'll wing to heaven with kin and happy be their
dole.

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEAST

THROUGH the hall the bell hath sound ;
 Welcoming doth the mayor beseem ;
 The aldermen do sit around,
 And snuffle up the savoury steam,
 Like asses wild in desert waste
 Sweetly the morning air do taste.

So keen they ate ; the minstrels play,
 The din of angels do they keep,
 High style. The guests have nought to say,
 But nod their thanks, and fall asleep. 10
 Thus every day be I to dine,
 If Rowley, Iscam, or Tib. Gorges be not seen.

FRAGMENT

ATTRIBUTED TO ELMAR, BISHOP OF SELSEIE

TRANSLATED BY ROWLEY

Now may all hell open to gulp thee down,
 Whilst azure darkness, mingled with the day,
 Shew light on darkened pains to be more roune ;
 Oh ! mayëst thou die living deaths for aye !
 May floods of sulphur bear thy sprite anon
 Sinking to depths of woe ! May lightning-
 brands
 Tremble upon thy pain-devoted crown,
 And singe thy all-in-vain-imploring hands !
 May all the woes that Goddes wrath can send
 Upon thy head alight, and there their fury spend ! 10

FRAGMENT

ATTRIBUTED TO ECCA, BISHOP OF HEREFORD
A.D. 557

TRANSLATED BY ROWLEY

WHEN azure skies is veiled in robes of night,
When glimmering dewdrops 'stound the traveller's
eyne,
When flying clouds, betinged with ruddy light,
Doth on the brindling wolf and wood-boar shine ;
When even-star, fair herald of the night,
Spreads the dark dusky sheen along the mees,
The writhing adders sends a gloomy light,
And owlets wing from lightning-blasted trees ;
Arise, my sprite, and seek the distant dell,
And there to echoing tongues thy raptured joys
y-tell.

10

* * * * *

When spring came dancing on a floweret bed,
Dight in green raiment of a changing kind,
The leaves of hawthorn budding on his head,
And white primroses cowering to the wind,
Then did the shepherd his long alban spread
Upon the greeny bank, and danced around,
Whilst the soft flowerets nodded on his head,
And his fair lambs besprengèd on the ground ;
Aneath his foot the brooklet ran along,
Which strolled round the vale to hear his joyous
song.

20

NOTES TO VOLUME I.

PAGE I. AFRICAN ECLOGUES.—Chatterton published seven eclogues, or pastoral poems. Three, here printed, he called 'African Eclogues', and four are to be found with the Rowley Poems, at vol. ii., pages 142-152. The incidents and names are all imaginary.

PAGE II. THE REVENGE.—This play, as printed, differs from the copies to be found in other editions. It was first issued, in 1795, as a separate publication, which previous editors appear to have followed. The MS. is said to have been lost soon after, and no subsequent editor mentions that he has seen it. Whatever its earlier history may have been the MS. was bought for the British Museum in 1841, at the sale of Bishop Butler's collection. Its number is Additional MSS. 12050. It is, unfortunately, not complete. The copy, from a transcript of which the present reprint has been made, seems to have been used for acting purposes, as it is lavishly scored, and contains many stage directions. There are also corrections in the text in another handwriting than that of Chatterton, although the author himself has made alterations and additions. The version now printed for the first time, so far as the present editor is aware, has been carefully collated with the MS. The lines now printed are those of Chatterton, differing from the other editions, which have issued the burletta as revised by another hand. This revision was most probably done by Mr. Atterbury, then the proprietor of the Marylebone Gardens, to whom Chatterton sold the MS. on 6th July 1770 for the sum of five guineas. It is said to have been acted in 1770, in the Marylebone

Gardens, but there is no record of the fact beyond the statement on the title-page of the first issue. The plot is broad and the words are not the most refined, but it is a spirited piece of work and emphasises the wonderful versatility of the author. There is in the British Museum (Additional MSS. 5766 B) another manuscript, or rather fragment, entitled 'Amphitryon', which is probably the first draft of what was eventually this burletta. The present editor is not aware that it has ever been printed.

PAGE 39. THE WOMAN OF SPIRIT.—This is only a fragment. Whether more than two scenes were ever written is not known.

PAGE 42. ON MR. ALCOCK, OF BRISTOL.

Line 1. This is a reference to the nine muses, and occurs frequently in these poems. The phrase *Chorded shell* is probably taken from Dryden's 'When Jubal struck the chorded shell'. Literally it means a shell strung with musical chords or strings. The reference occurs several times in the poems.

PAGE 44. TO MISS BUSH, OF BRISTOL.—Chatterton wrote this poem when he was hoping to obtain a position as ship's doctor on a vessel trading to Africa. 'I intend going abroad as a ship's surgeon', he wrote. He had no diploma, it is true, but neither had many an 'experienced' ship's surgeon of those days! The song, 'Fanny of the Hill', vol. i., page 49, was probably also addressed to Miss Bush.

PAGE 45. TO MISS C.—The Miss C. here referred to was most likely Miss Sally Clarke. Compare line 3 of the next poem but one, 'Acrostic on Miss Sally Clarke', vol. i., page 46.

PAGE 48. A NEW SONG, TO MR. G. CATCOTT.—A brother of the Rev. Alexander Catcott, he was a partner of Mr. Burgum, the pewterer, who was hoaxed by Chatterton with a bogus pedigree. George Catcott himself was also taken in by Chatterton's Rowley forgeries. He is satirized in the poem 'Happiness', vol. i., page 166. It was as a bibliomaniac, who boasted that none of his books were less than a hundred years old, that he became interested in the works of Rowley. To his interest in the matter, and his copies taken from

Chatterton's own manuscripts, we are indebted for the preservation of so many of these productions to the present day, including 'Ælla'.

Line 5 is an allusion to Broderip, the organist of St Mary's, Redcliffe.

PAGE 49. FANNY OF THE HILL.—Probably Miss Fanny Bush; see also poem on vol. i., page 44.

PAGE 50. TO MRS. HAYWOOD. — Mrs. Haywood lived from about 1693 to 1756. She was the author of a considerable number of novels, mostly of a questionable character, particularly the earlier ones. Pope satirized her in the 'Dunciad'. Her works enjoyed a great vogue in Chatterton's time, but are practically unknown now.

PAGE 50. TO MR. HOLLAND.—Charles Holland (1733-69) was a popular actor of Chatterton's day. Although belauded by Chatterton, he was satirized by Churchill. There is a monument to him in Chiswick Church, with an inscription written by Garrick.

PAGES 52 to 60. TO THE BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND, etc.—Miss Eleanor Hoyland was the *fiancée* of one of Chatterton's old schoolfellows, Baker by name, who had emigrated to Charlestown, South Carolina. It would appear that the latter had asked Chatterton to oblige him with a few poems which he could pass off to his inamorata as his own. Chatterton was complaisant, as the following nine poems show. See also the poem 'To a friend' [Baker] printed on vol. i., page 65.

PAGE 60. THE COMPLAINT.—Possibly addressed to a Miss Love. This poem is attributed to Chatterton both by Professor Skeat and Dr. Maitland. It appeared first in the *Universal Magazine* for November 1769.

PAGE 62. TO MR. POWEL. — William Powel, the actor, who was an understudy to Garrick, lived from 1735 to 1769. He built the theatre in King Street, Bristol (1764-66). His death at the age of thirty-four was universally lamented. Chatterton also refers to him in his poem 'Clifton', printed at vol. i., page 211, lines 77 *et seq.*

PAGE 62. THE ADVICE.—Miss Rumsey, to whom this poem is addressed, was at one time a sweetheart of Chatterton. When it was written she was engaged to be married to Jack Forster, the Bristol poet, whom Chatterton frequently satirizes, *e.g.* in the 'Journal Sixth', vol. i., page 90, lines 33 and 150, and under the name of *Pitholeon* in the present poem. The fourth verse refers to Kitty Clive, the actress. This lady, afterwards pensioned by Walpole, bade a farewell to the stage, in an epilogue which the latter had written for her, on 24th April 1769.

PAGE 64. TO HORACE WALPOLE.—Chatterton had sent some of the 'Rowley' productions to Walpole. The latter, although at first deceived, had subsequently asked the opinion of some of his friends. The result was that he had accused Chatterton of forging the documents, and advised him to give his attention to his profession until he should have made his fortune. In reply Chatterton affirmed the genuineness of the manuscripts, and asked for their return. Walpole was busy at the time and did not attend to the matter at once. Chatterton thereupon wrote him what Walpole termed 'a singularly impertinent' letter, with the result that the documents were returned to Chatterton by Walpole in a rage. The latter has received much undeserved blame for what has been termed his harsh treatment of Chatterton, but one does not see how he could have anticipated that the attorney's apprentice would become famous as a poet. To him he was a detected forger. It must also be remembered that Chatterton did not send Walpole many poems, but prose pieces, which, as a rule, have not the same merit as the poems. Nevertheless Walpole is said to have always regretted his curt behaviour. In his subsequent writings Chatterton was very bitter in any of his references to Walpole. The poem here is a case in point.

Walpole, as is well known, was an irrepressible letter-writer, and also a man who liked the society of the great ones of the earth. Both of these attributes are sneered at by Chatterton in the poem. The query 'Who wrote "Otranto"?' is a fair one, and a palpable hit. Walpole's novel, 'The Castle of Otranto', was first published as a translation of an old black-letter book supposed to have been printed in 1529 at Naples, to have been

written by one Onuphrio Muralto, and translated by William Marshall. The authorship was only acknowledged by Walpole when a second edition was called for. Doubtless Chatterton thought that the man who could act thus should not be too hard on another author who, in his opinion, was acting in the same manner with another work.

PAGE 65. TO A FRIEND.—This was his friend Baker, the *fiancé* of Miss Hoyland. See also note relating to this lady on vol. ii., page 196.

Line 2, see note to 'On Mr. Alcock', vol. ii., page 195.

PAGE 67. VERSES TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.—Probably Miss Sally Clarke, see *ante*.

PAGE 69. THE CONSULIAD.—The first draft of this satire is to be seen in the British Museum (Additional MSS. 5766 B), under the title of 'The Constabiliad'. It first appeared in the *Freeholder's Magazine*, for January 1770. The Twitcher referred to was John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, who took a prominent part in the prosecution of John Wilkes, his former friend. The satire describes an imaginary fight at a political dinner, and is aimed generally at the Grafton ministry. Like many other political satires of previous days, those of Chatterton are not so easy of comprehension at the present time as they were when they were written. It is impossible to identify all the characters mentioned under fictitious names.

PAGE 77. EPISTLE TO THE REVEREND MR. CATCOTT.—The person here satirized is the Rev. Alexander Catcott, vicar of Temple Church, Bristol, and brother of Mr. George Catcott, previously referred to in the note on vol. ii., pages 195-196. He had published a book entitled 'Treatise on the Deluge and Structure of the Earth', of which a second edition was issued in 1768. Chatterton's productions had been criticised by Mr. Catcott, so he returned the compliment by writing the 'Epistle'. He trounces Mr. Catcott severely, and advises him

'When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old'.

It is a case of *Quis custodiet custodios ipsos?* Chatterton

himself falls into several errors. For example, he writes *strata* for *stratum*, and *stratas* for *strata*. In another place he refers to David when he means Joseph.

Although nominally addressed to Mr. Catcott the epistle wanders over a variety of subjects,

'Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The muse will go where merit leads the way'.

It attacks the clergy generally, and proclaims with no uncertain voice Chatterton's religious opinions, emphasised more fully in 'The Defence'. Most of the personal remarks are unintelligible to-day. Clogher, mentioned at line 40, was the Bishop of Clogher, whose account of the deluge had been criticised by Catcott. Broughton, whose name appears more than once, was the Rev. Thomas Broughton, vicar of Bedminster, near Bristol, who published, among other works, a 'Dictionary of Religions', in 1742.

Previously Chatterton had been on friendly terms with the vicar of the Temple Church, but it would seem that he tired of the parson, who might have been something of a bore, with his fossils and his views of the deluge. Chatterton may also have found him wanting in interest in anything outside his own special hobby, and revenged himself for fancied slights by holding up his erstwhile friend to ridicule. Catcott is still more bitterly attacked in the 'Exhibition' which is too indecent to be fully published here.

PAGE 85. THE EXHIBITION.—Only a few lines of this satire are printed. Professor Wilson, in his 'Life of Chatterton' says:—

'It has never been published; and it would have been well had it perished, with its evidence that youthful purity had been sullied, and the precocious boy was only too conversant with forbidden things'.

PAGE 89. JOURNAL SIXTH.—Why this title has been chosen is not at all clear. The satire is very rambling in its contents, and contains lines on three distinct subjects, the last one dealing in a scoffing way with Whitfield's manner in the pulpit. The three pieces are all written on the same sheet of paper, folded into four columns. Each succeeds the other

without a fresh title, and it seenis from the last line that the poem, as printed, is meant to form one whole.

PAGE 101. *KEW GARDENS*.—This is the longest of the poems which are formally acknowledged by Chatterton as being his own composition. The whole satire, like most of the others from Chatterton's pen, is somewhat discursive, wanders over a variety of subjects, and pillories many different persons. The title is taken from the fact that at Kew Gardens there lived Augusta, the widow of the eldest son of George II. (Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died in 1751), and mother of George III. This royal lady exercised a great influence in politics during the latter part of the eighteenth century, in conjunction with the third Earl of Bute, with whom her name was popularly coupled in more ways than one. See also 'The Whore of Babylon' (vol. i., page 134), and 'Resignation' (vol. i., page 138). The former of these two satires consists mainly of the latter half of the poem we are now dealing with, the lines being differently arranged. Much of it is also to be found in the unpublished 'Exhibition', and several lines appear in 'Sunday'. 'Kew Gardens' is a rambling jumble of politics and personalities, but is a remarkable effusion for a youth of seventeen. It was commenced in 1769, and finished early in 1770, but was not printed in its entirety until 1837. Like the other satires the personalities are hidden from the ken of the modern reader, even where, as is the case in some instances, Chatterton's blanks or rows of asterisks have been filled in with the names of those he lampoons. No attempt has been made in this edition to explain who these persons were. Professor Skeat, in his edition of Chatterton's works, endeavours to do so, although his attempt is incomplete. Advantage has been taken here of some of his suggestions.

PAGE 138. *RESIGNATION*.—This is one of the most scurrilous of Chatterton's satires. Although nominally addressed to the premier, the Duke of Grafton, it deals principally with the Earl of Bute and the widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to whom reference has already been made in 'Kew Gardens' and 'The Whore of Babylon' (see previous note). If Chatterton had wanted to be taken seriously he should have been more careful of his facts. His account of the

rise of the Earl of Bute, and of his earlier days, is ludicrous in its absurdity:

'Far in the north . . .
A humble cottage reared its lonely head.
One narrow entrance opened to the day;
Here lived a laird, the ruler of his clan',

and so on. Bute is constantly referred to in this and other poems as the 'Thane', and the lady of Kew is dubbed 'The Carlton Sibyl'. Many of the lines are not fit for publication, and must have seemed indecent even in an age of bitter personal satire and great latitude. Grafton resigned the premiership on 28th January 1770.

PAGE 162. THE ART OF PUFFING.—This is not so violent as some of the other satires. It is not possible to identify all the persons named. Edmund Curll incurred the enmity of Pope, and was convicted of printing immoral books. Israel Pottinger was a dramatist and founder of various periodicals. Cooke is probably John Cooke, a London bookseller of the time, who did a good trade in the issue of books in weekly parts. Pasquale de Paoli was a Corsican patriot, a friend of Johnson and Boswell. Bingley was the printer and proprietor of the *Political Register*, and W. G. Edmunds was the editor of the *Middlesex Journal*, a bi-weekly newspaper.

PAGE 163. THE DEFENCE.—This satire is nominally addressed to the same Mr. Smith who is referred to at vol. i., page 198, where an elegy was written to his memory on the wrongful supposition that he was dead. This poem is particularly interesting for Chatterton's avowal that (although his other writings belie him) he was not an atheist:

'Fallacious is the charge: 'tis all a lie, . . .
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,'

PAGE 166. HAPPINESS.

Lines 49 *et seq.* The Catcott here referred to is George Catcott, previously mentioned in 'A New Song', vol. i., page 48. He was evidently a person very fond of show, and the poem recalls the fact that, when St Nicholas' Church at Bristol was being rebuilt, he had ascended the spire before it was finished, placing a pewter plate at the top detailing the facts.

He had also been the first person to cross the new bridge at Bristol, also before it was finished.

PAGE 170. CHATTERTON'S WILL.—While he was still apprentice to the attorney Lambert, Chatterton, in a fit of despair, wrote a satirical will, partly in prose, and the remainder in verse. He had asked Burgum, the pewterer, for a loan, and had been refused. The will was left on his desk and there seen by his master, who immediately took steps to cancel the indentures. The remainder of the will being in prose is not printed here.

PAGE 181. ELEGY WRITTEN AT STANTON DREW.—This place is a village about seven miles south of Bristol, containing great megalithic remains, more especially stone circles. In this elegy Chatterton appears to have imagined himself watching a human sacrifice at Stanton Drew in prehistoric times.

PAGE 185. ELEGY ON WILLIAM BECKFORD.—The subject of this elegy was the father of the celebrated author of 'Vathek'. He was the son of a governor of Jamaica, and was born there in 1709. He received his education at Westminster, and afterwards became a successful merchant in London. He was elected alderman of the Billingsgate ward in 1752, and sheriff in 1755. The City returned him three times as its member, and he was twice Lord Mayor of London. He became an ardent Wilkesite, and is famous for having presented the Remonstrance of the City of London to the king. Chatterton conceived the idea of securing the popular chief magistrate as a patron, and the latter had commenced to take an interest in the young poet when he died suddenly on 21st June 1770. His death was a great blow to Chatterton, who, we are told, 'was perfectly frantic and out of his mind, and said that he was ruined'. He had expected great things with Beckford as patron. Two years after his death, in 1772, the City Corporation erected a statue to his memory at a cost of £1,300. It is to be seen in the Guildhall, and shows Beckford in the act of addressing the king. It contains a transcript of his speech.

Chatterton's elegy is somewhat fulsome, but it is also stilted, as if it had not been written from the heart.

Beckford, extolled as the pattern of all the virtues, was the father of a number of illegitimate children, who were, however, provided for under his will.

PAGES 189 to 198. THREE ELEGIES ON THOMAS PHILLIPS' DEATH.—Phillips was an usher at Colston's school, where Chatterton had been a pupil, and was himself something of a poet. A friendship sprung up between the two which was only ended by Phillips' death, towards the end of 1769. Full of his grief Chatterton wrote the elegy commencing 'No more I hail'. Some months later he re-wrote this with some alterations and additional verses. This second elegy is also printed here *in extenso*. There are two versions of the third elegy, but only one is now given. It is addressed 'To Clayfield', a friend and encourager of Chatterton, to whom, in his bogus 'Will', he left 'the sincerest thanks that my gratitude can give'. Michael Clayfield was a distiller, and is referred to in the 'Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Catcott' (vol. i., page 81, lines 149-52), as well as in some of Chatterton's letters.

PAGE 198. ELEGY ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH.—There is a note by Chatterton in the MS. at the British Museum, 'Happily mistaken, having since heard from good authority it is Peter'.

PAGE 199. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SEN.—This gentleman was the father-in-law of William Barrett, the surgeon and Bristol historian, who was so completely deceived by Chatterton regarding the Rowley poems, etc.

PAGE 200. ON THE LAST EPIPHANY. — As Chatterton's first known poem this is most interesting. It was printed when he was only ten years and two months old. The next four poems were written while he was only eleven.

PAGE 209. CLIFTON.

Line 21. The rocks are called St. Vincent's Rocks.

Lines 26 *et seq.* A monument was erected by General Sir William Draper to the memory of those soldiers of the 79th regiment (which he raised himself) who

fell during the various battles in which he and they took part—

‘And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldier’s praise’.

Line 52. Charles I.

Line 53. Prince Rupert, after capturing Bristol in 1643, surrendered the city to Fairfax in 1645.

Line 79. William Powel, the actor. See note on vol. ii., page 196.

PAGE 216. EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.—Professor Skeat published this first as a poem of Chatterton, from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Bell. It is here reprinted by permission.

PAGE 216. SUNDAY.—Several of the lines in this poem are repeated in ‘Kew Gardens’.

NOTES TO VOLUME II.

Explanations of archaic and other words in the following poems will be found in the Glossary, page 208, vol. ii.

PAGE 1. EXECUTION OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.—In other editions this poem has been printed under the title of ‘Bristowe Tragedy’, although it is difficult to tell why. It was first published, as a separate work, in 1772. The poem, as printed in Tyrwhitt’s edition of the Rowley poems, in 1777, is said to have been checked by a copy made by George Catcott from one in the handwriting of Chatterton. The present edition has followed the earliest printed copy, both as regards text and title. Dean Milles, one of the doughtiest champions of the authenticity of the Rowley poems, thought it the most authentic of the whole collection, and yet Chatterton admitted to his mother and sister that he himself was the author! The style is less archaic than any of the other Rowley poems. It deals with the execution of Sir Baldwin Fulford, a Lancastrian knight, who was put to death by order of Edward IV., in 1461, after a trial by a special commission. Of this commission William Canyng, or

Canynges, Mayor of Bristol, was a member. According to the poem Canynges unsuccessfully appealed to the king's clemency. Edward is said to have watched the procession to the place of execution from a window in St. Ewen's Church.

PAGE 15. *ÆLLA*. — This is acknowledged to be Chatterton's masterpiece. He himself, writing to Dodsley, the bookseller, says: 'It is a perfect tragedy; the plot is clear, the language spirited, and the songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple'. One cannot but agree with this opinion. While this work has been passing through the press a manuscript, alleged to be the first draft of '*Ælla*', under the title of '*Eldred*', was sold by Messrs. Sotheby for £255 on 6th December 1905.

Line 213. 'As ever clove pin or the basket'. The pin was the centre of the target (in archery), used originally to fasten it to the butt. 'To split the peg which fastened it to the butt ranked as the *ne plus ultra* of his skill', says Hansard's 'Book of Archery', p. 112. Also see '*Romeo and Juliet*', act ii., scene 4, 'The very pin of his heart cleft by the blind boy's butt-shaft'.

Line 458. This line is really nonsense as printed. It is given as written by Chatterton, but it is unintelligible, at any rate at the present day. *Morie* means 'marsh'; Chatterton gives *Gronfer* as meaning a meteor; *Drocke* is a water-course; *Druge* means 'dry'. The line translated in respect to these meanings reads 'My shield, like summer marshy meteor dry', which is meaningless. There are other cases of unintelligible lines in this portion of Chatterton's poems.

Lines 639 and 662. The raven was the sign borne on the Danish standards.

Line 819. Probably means 'to gain as *fair* a prize'.

PAGE 80. ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS.—The poem is, of course, an imitation of Ovid's 'Metamorphosis' in the first place, but the inspiration appears to have been more from Canto Nine of the second book of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'.

PAGE 84. AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.—In a note to this poem Chatterton says: 'Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward,

in Somersetshire, educated at the convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury, in Gloucestershire'.

PAGE 87. TO JOHNE LADGATE.—Chatterton has made another mistake here. He evidently means to speak of John Lydgate, who became a Benedictine monk at Bury St Edmunds. He was an imitator of Chaucer, and died *circa* 1450, aged about eighty years. It has been suggested that the Stowe, mentioned on line 5, should be Stone, a famous Bristol preacher, and member of the Carmelite Order.

PAGE 90. THE TOURNAMENT.—Chatterton also produced a life of Sir Simon de Burton, the hero of this poem. Incidentally, too, he used it to further mystify worthy Burgum, the pewterer, by introducing as a character Sir Johan de Berghanme, a supposed ancestor of Burgum.

Line 88. This is a recognised form of challenge. See also line 21 of the 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte', vol. ii., p. 139.

PAGES 98-138. BATTLE OF HASTINGS.—Chatterton wrote two versions of this poem. The first he gave to Barrett as the work of Turgot the Monk, in the tenth century (he surely meant the eleventh!), translated by Rowley. He was later on asked to show Barrett the original, when he confessed that he had written the poem himself 'for a friend'. He had, however, so he said, another poem on the same subject, an original by Rowley, here printed as No. II. Of the second version lines 531 and onward were supplied some time after the other lines were given to Barrett.

PAGE 139. THE ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE.—This Chatterton ascribes to John de Burgham, the 'manufactured' ancestor for Burgum the Bristol pewterer. When Chatterton sent this poem to the worthy Burgum he included a paraphrase which is printed after it here, although in other editions it is placed with the acknowledged poems. It has been thought better to place it with the original, so that they can be the more easily compared.

PAGE 142. ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

Line 34. The 'parker's grange' means the park-keeper's farm.

PAGE 152. THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.—In addition to this poem there is also a Rowley *prose* account of Canyng. This person is mentioned several times in these poems, *e.g.* see note on vol. ii., page 204, 'Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin'. For a fuller account see Pryce's 'Memorials of the Canyng's family'. See also 'Accounte of W. Canyng's Feast', vol ii., p. 192.

PAGE 157. ON OUR LADY'S CHURCH.—St. Mary's Church, Redcliffe.

PAGE 160. THE PARLYAMENTE OF SPRYTES.—The joint author of this production, according to Chatterton, was John Iscam, a canon at St Augustine's monastery, Bristol.

Line 38. Chatterton translates this as meaning 'The complexion of thy soul is free from the black marks of sin'.

PAGE 178. THE BRODER OF ORDERYS WHYTE.—There are in the British Museum a few lines relating to a brother of orders black, but they are unprintable.

PAGE 186. ON OURE LADYES CHIRCH.—This is printed in some editions under the title of 'Sancte Warbur', but it is here given as printed in Southey's edition of 'Chatterton's Works'. It is an acknowledged imitation.

GLOSSARY

Note.—Wherever Chatterton has, in a note, explained the meaning of any archaic word, his alternative is given either in the text or below. In other cases the presumed meaning has been given from other sources. No attempt has been made to give the correct spelling of the following words; as a rule they are given as written in the original.

H. D. R.

<i>Abest</i> , Brought down	<i>Adygne</i> , Kind, worthy
<i>Aborde</i> , Went on	<i>Affear</i> , Terrify
<i>Aborne</i> , Burnished	<i>Affraie</i> , The fray
<i>Abound</i> , Avail	<i>Affray</i> , To frighten, to join in the fight, fear
<i>Aboune</i> , Make ready	<i>Affynd</i> , Akin
<i>Abrodden</i> , Abruptly	<i>Afleeme</i> , Frighten
<i>Acale</i> , Chill	<i>Agested</i> , Heaped up
<i>Accaie</i> , Assuage	<i>Agguylte</i> , Offended
<i>Acheke</i> , Choke	<i>Agleeme</i> , Shine
<i>Achments</i> , Achievements	<i>Agreeete</i> , Greet
<i>Acome</i> , Had come	<i>Agroted</i> , Bursting
<i>Acroole</i> , Faintly	<i>Ahete</i> , Propose
<i>Adave</i> , Enjoy, awakened	<i>Aidens</i> , Help
<i>Adawe</i> , Awake	<i>Alans</i> , Hounds
<i>Adaygne</i> , Worth	<i>Alatche</i> , Call out
<i>Adeene</i> , Worthily	<i>Alban</i> , A white robe
<i>Adente</i> , Annex, fasten	<i>All-a-boone</i> , Favour
<i>Aderne</i> , Cruel	<i>Allay</i> , Stop
<i>Adigne</i> , Noble	<i>Alleyne</i> , Alone
<i>Adradde</i> , Afraid	<i>Aluste</i> , Release
<i>Adrames</i> , Churls	<i>Alyche</i> , Like
<i>Adryne</i> , Dry	<i>Alyne</i> , Across one's shoulders
<i>Adventayle</i> , Armour; that part of a helmet that admits the air	<i>Alyse</i> , Allow, set free, release
<i>Adyghte</i> , Clad	

Amate, Abate, destroy, lessen
Amayled, Enamelled
Amenused, Lessened
Ametten, Met
Amield, Enamelled
Amnie, Dear
Aneath, Beneath
Anemp, Name
Anente, Against
Anere, Another, another time
Anete, Annihilate
Anlace, Sword
Applinges, Grafted trees
Arblaster } Cross-bow
Arcublaster } Cross-bow
Arcublastries, Cross-bow-men
Ardurous, Burning
Argent, White
Arist, Arisen, arose
Armlace, Armlet
Armour-brace, Suit of armour
Arrase, Pluck up, erase
Asenglave, Lance, hilt of a lance; sometimes a steel glove
Askaunted, Looked
Aslee, Slide
Aspere, Look at
Assay, Attempt
Assayled, Essayed
Assole, Answer
Asswai, Cause
Astart, Afraid
Astedd, Seated
Astende, Astonish
Asterte, Neglected
Aston } Astonished,
Astound } Stunned
Astrodde, Astride
Athorowe, And through
Athrow, Throughout
Athrowegh, Through

Atreted, Extracted from corn
Attend, Defend
Attoure, Around, turn
Attourne, Turn around
Atturne, Turn
Aumere, Robe, apparel
Auntrous, Adventurous
Aunture, Adventure
Autremete, Loose white robe, worn by priests
Ave, River Avon
Awhaped, Amazed
Ayenward, Backward

Bane, Curse
Banted, Cursed
Barbed, Hung with banners or armour
Barganette, Song
Barrows, Burial mounds
Bataunt, A musical instrument
Battayles, Boats
Batten, Beat
Battent, Loudly
Battentlie, Recklessly
Bawsyn, Large, bulky, mighty
Bayre, Brow
Beave, Beaver
Beheight, Name, call
Behylte, Commanded
Behyltren, Hidden
Belent, Stopped
Beme, Trumpet
Benned, Cursed, tormented
Benym, Take away
Bercie, Meaning obscure
Berne, Bairn, child
Berten, Venomous
Bespedde, Turned away
Besprenged } Scattered
Besprent } Scattered

<i>Bestadde</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Brace</i> , Suit
<i>Bestanne</i>		<i>Braste</i> , Break
<i>Bested</i> , Fought, contended		<i>Brayd</i> , Displayed
<i>Bestoykenyng</i> , Betraying, deceitful		<i>Brayde</i> , Embroider
<i>Bestreynts</i> , Bestrews		<i>Breastis</i> , Breasts
<i>Betreinted</i> , Besprinkled		<i>Brede</i> , Broad
<i>Bevyle</i> , Break		<i>Breme</i> } Strong, furious
<i>Bewopen</i> , Astonished		<i>Bremie</i> } force, strength
<i>Bewrate</i> , Treachery		<i>Brend</i> , Burn
<i>Bewrayen</i> } Declare		<i>Brigandine</i> , Armour, coat of mail
<i>Bewree</i>		<i>Brindling</i> , Spotted
<i>Bewreene</i> , Express, disclose		<i>Broched</i> , Pointed
<i>Bewryen</i> , Expressed, discover		<i>Bronde</i> , Fury
<i>Bighes</i> , Jewels		<i>Brondeynge</i> , Furious
<i>Birlette</i> , Hood, coif		<i>Browded</i> , Embroidered
<i>Bismarde</i> , Curious		<i>Brynnynge</i> , Declaring
<i>Bismarlie</i> , Steadfastly, curiously		<i>Brystowans</i> , Men of Bristol
<i>Blake</i> , Naked		<i>Burled</i> , Armed
<i>Blase</i> , Proclaim		<i>Burlie - brande</i> , Armed fury
<i>Blasynne</i> , Record		<i>Bysmare</i> , Meandering
<i>Blatant</i> , Loud, bawling		<i>Bysmarelie</i> , Steadfastly
<i>Blatauntlie</i> , Loudly		<i>Cale</i> , Cold, chill
<i>Blation</i> , Praise		<i>Camoys</i> , Crooked
<i>Blazours</i> , Praisers		<i>Carnes</i> , Cairn, stones
<i>Blent</i> , Blended		<i>Carvelled</i> , Carved
<i>Blents</i> , Turns back		<i>Carvellers</i> , Carvers, sculptors
<i>Blethe</i> , Bleed		<i>Carvelling</i> , Carving
<i>Blyn</i> } Cease		<i>Castle-stere</i> , Castle stair
<i>Blynge</i>		<i>Caties</i> , Dainty victuals
<i>Bodykyn</i> , Substance		<i>Cansalles</i> , Motives
<i>Bollenger</i> , A sailing vessel		<i>Caytysned</i> , Captive
<i>Boots</i> , Matters		<i>Celes</i> , Keels
<i>Bordel</i> , Cottage		<i>Celness</i> , Coldness
<i>Bordelyer</i> , Cottager		<i>Champion</i> , Challenge
<i>Borne</i> , Burnishing		<i>Chaper</i> , Dry, thirsty
<i>Borne</i> , Field, bank		<i>Chapournette</i> , Small hat
<i>Boune</i> , Make ready, draw		<i>Chappeau</i> , Hat
<i>Bourne</i> , Cliff		<i>Chelandree</i> , Goldfinch
<i>Bourne</i> , Kept within bounds		<i>Cherisaunei</i> } Comfort
<i>Bowke</i> , Bulk, body		<i>Cherysauncys</i>
		<i>Chevyced</i> , Preserved

<i>Chine</i> , To cut through to the backbone	<i>Defs</i> , Vapours
<i>Chirckynge</i> , Chattering	<i>Deft</i> , Trim
<i>Chop</i> , Change	<i>Designed</i> , Disdained
<i>Chough</i> , Raven	<i>Demasing</i> , Considering
<i>Church - glebe - house</i> , The grave	<i>Dente</i> , Fasten, fix
<i>Cleme</i> , Clamour, sound	<i>Denwere</i> , Doubt
<i>Cleped</i> , Called	<i>Depeyncte</i> , Paints
<i>Clerche</i> , Clergy	<i>Depycte</i> , Painted
<i>Clergyond</i> , Taught	<i>Depyctures</i> , Drawings
<i>Clevis</i> , Cleft, piece of rock	<i>Dequaced</i> , Dashed, rushed
<i>Cleyne</i> , Sound	<i>Dere</i> , Hurt, injury
<i>Clinie</i> , Movement	<i>Derne</i> } Cruel, woeful,
<i>Clocke</i> , Hour	<i>Dernie</i> } sad,
<i>Coistrel</i> , Young	<i>Deslavate</i> , Foul, lecherous
<i>Comfreie</i> , A herb	<i>Deslavatie</i> , Lecherousness
<i>Compheere</i> , Companion, equal	<i>Difficile</i> , Difficult
<i>Conteke</i> , Complaint, contend with	<i>Dight</i> , Clad, deck
<i>Corse</i> , Corpse	<i>Digne</i> , Kind, worthy, noble, gentle
<i>Corven</i> , Picture	<i>Dispande</i> , Disposed
<i>Cotte</i> , A small boat	<i>Dispent</i> , Expended
<i>Couraciers</i> , Coursers	<i>Divinistre</i> , A divine
<i>Coyen</i> , Shy	<i>Doe</i> , Done
<i>Crevent</i> , Craven	<i>Dole</i> , Lot, portion, dismay, lamentation
<i>Cross-stone</i> , Monument	<i>Doled</i> , Sad
<i>Crouche</i> , Crucifix	<i>Dolt</i> , Foolish
<i>Croucheynge</i> , Winding	<i>Dorture</i> , Dormitory
<i>Crowen</i> , Crows	<i>Dote</i> , Dressed
<i>Cuarr</i> , Quarry	<i>Doutremere</i> , Foreigner
<i>Cuishes</i> , Thigh armour	<i>Dree</i> , Drive, endure rush
<i>Curriedowes</i> , Flatterers	<i>Drented</i> , Drenched
<i>Custrel</i> , Servant	<i>Drierie</i> , Dreadful
<i>Dacians</i> , Danes	<i>Droke</i> , Dry
<i>Daised</i> , Seated on a dais	<i>Drybblette</i> , Small, trivial
<i>Damoiselle</i> , Damsel	<i>Duressed</i> , Hardened
<i>Dareygne</i> , Attempt	<i>Dynneth</i> , Soundeth
<i>Daynous</i> , Disdainful	<i>Dyspendyng</i> , Expending
<i>Dead-wounded</i> , Wounded to death	<i>Dysperpellest</i> , Scatterest
<i>Declynie</i> , Stooping posture	<i>Dysportysment</i> , Enjoyment
<i>Deere</i> , Dire, dreadful	<i>Dysregate</i> , Renounce
<i>Defayte</i> , Decay	<i>Eft</i> , Often, even
	<i>Eftsoon</i> , Soon, quickly
	<i>Eke</i> , Even, also

<i>Elmen</i> , Elm-tree	<i>Eve-spect</i> , Speckled with evening dew
<i>Elocation</i> , Elocution	<i>Everiche</i> } Every.
<i>Emarschalled</i> , Embla-zoned	<i>Everychone</i> } every one
<i>Emblanched</i> , Whitened	<i>Ewbryce</i> , Adultery
<i>Embodyde</i> , Stout	<i>Eyen</i> } Eyes
<i>Embollen</i> , Swelled, swelling	<i>Eyne</i> } Objects
<i>Embower</i> , Lodge	<i>Eynegears</i> , Objects
<i>Emburled</i> , Armed	
<i>Emmate</i> , Lessen	<i>Fage</i> , Tale
<i>Emmers</i> , Money	<i>Faie</i> , Faith
<i>Emmertleynge</i> , Glittering	<i>Fair</i> , Chaste
<i>Emprise</i> , Enterprise	<i>Fay</i> , Faith
<i>Encaled</i> , Chilled	<i>Faytour</i> , Treacherous, wandering
<i>Enchafed</i> , Furious	<i>Feignes</i> , Feints
<i>Encheered</i> , Encouraged	<i>Felle</i> , Many
<i>Enfyne</i> , Full, fine	<i>Fetive</i> , Handsome, neat, dexterous
<i>Enheal</i> , Heal	<i>Fetyvelie</i> , Neatly
<i>Enheeding</i> , Taking care	<i>Flaiten</i> , Scaring
<i>Enheped</i> , Added	<i>Flanched</i> , Arched
<i>Enjoyous</i> , Enraptured	<i>Fleme</i> } Frighten
<i>Enleme</i> , Enlighten	<i>Flemie</i> } Affrighting
<i>Enlowed</i> , Aflame	<i>Floes</i> , Arrows
<i>Enrone</i> , Unsheathe	<i>Flotting</i> , Flying
<i>Enseem</i> , Appear	<i>Fonnis</i> } Devices
<i>Enshone</i> , Displayed	<i>Fons</i> } Devices
<i>Enstrote</i> , Deserving punishment	<i>Forcie</i> , Mighty
<i>Enstroughted</i> , Stretched	<i>Forgard</i> , Lose, lost
<i>Enswolters</i> , Sucks in	<i>Forlorn</i> , Deprived
<i>Enswote</i> , Sweeten	<i>Forloyne</i> , Retreat
<i>Ensyngynge</i> , Singing	<i>Forrey</i> , Destroy
<i>Ensyrke</i> , Encircle	<i>Forslagen</i> , Slain
<i>Ente</i> , Purse, treasury	<i>Forslege</i> , Slay
<i>Entendement</i> , Intelligence, understanding	<i>Forstraught</i> , Distracted
<i>Entent</i> , Meaning	<i>For-weltrynge</i> , Blasting
<i>Enthoghteynge</i> , Intending	<i>Forwyned</i> } Dried,
<i>Enthought</i> , Thought of	<i>Foryned</i> } withered
<i>Entremed</i> , Mingled	<i>Fote</i> , Foot
<i>Erlies</i> , Earl's	<i>Freme</i> , Grief
<i>Estells</i> , Stars	<i>Fremed</i> , Strange
<i>Estroughted</i> , Stretched	<i>Fructuous</i> , Fertile
<i>Ethe</i> , Ease, easily	<i>Gaberdine</i> } A piece of armour, a cloak

Gare, Cause
Geare, Guise
Geason, Strange
Geer, Twist
Geir, Fury
Gemot, Assembly
Gemote, Assemble
Geven, Give
Glair, Clear
Glare, Shine
Gledes, Glides
Gloure, Glory
Gve, Gone
Gouler, Usurer
Gratch, Apparel, dress
Gravots, Groves
Gre, Grow
Greave, Lcg armour; but
 is used at "Hastings,"
 (2), line 276, to mean
 breast-plate
Groffe, Laughing stock, a
 poor thing
Groffyshe, Rudely
Gron, Fen or moor
Gronfer, Fen fire, meteor
Grore, Meaning obscure
Grossile, Grovelling
Groted, Bursting
Gutte de sangue, Drops of
 blood
Guyerde, Tax
Gye, Guide
Gyte, Robe

Habergeon, Breast-armour
Haile } Happy
Hailie } Happy
Halced, Defeated
Hallie, Hall
Halline, Joy, gladness
Hancele, Cut off
Hanne, Had, have, gained
Hannow, Narrow
Hantoned, Hunted
Harried, Tossed

Hartys, Heart's
Hatch, Lock
Hatched, Covered with
 hatchments
Hutchment, Coat of arms,
 caparison
Hawkes, Vallcys
Heasod, Head
Heaven-were, Heavenward
Hecke, Height
Hecket, Wrapped
Heideignes, Country
 dances
Hele, Help
Hent, Grasp
Hentylle, Custom
Herehaughtes, Heralds
Hest, Order
Hete, Promised
Hie, Hasten
Hight, Called, named
Hillis, Hill's
Hilt, Hide, secrete, shield
Hoastrie, Hostlery
Holtred, Hidden
Hommageres, Retainers
Honde, Hand
Honde-poyntc, Moment
Honour-were, Honour-
 wards
Hopelen, Hopelessness
Horrowe, Disagreeable,
 horrid
Hulstred, Hidden
Hydelle, Person in sanctu-
 ary
Hyger, The flowing tide of
 the Severn; a tidal
 wave
Hyghte, Called
Hylte, Hid, hide
Hyndlette, Peasant

Implesaunce, Annoyance
Investing, Covering

<i>Jape</i> , Short surplice worn by friars of an inferior class, and by secular priests	<i>Likand</i> , Liking, pleasure
<i>Jetted</i> , Devised, fabled	<i>Limitour</i> , A licensed begging friar
<i>Jubb</i> , Bottle	<i>Line</i> , Stay, linger
<i>Karynte</i> , Loan	<i>List</i> , Pleasure
<i>Ken</i> , Know, knowledge	<i>Loaste</i> , Loss
<i>Kende</i> , Spied	<i>Lode</i> , Praise
<i>Kenters</i> , Men of Kent	<i>Lordynge</i> , Standing on hind legs
<i>Keppened</i> , Sharpened	<i>Loverde</i> , Lord
<i>Kest</i> , Kissed	<i>Lowing</i> , Flame
<i>Kind</i> , Nature	<i>Lurdanes</i> , Lazy fellows
<i>Kiste</i> , Coffin	<i>Lyken</i> , Health
<i>Knightis</i> , Knights	<i>Lymed</i> , Polished
<i>Knowlached</i> , Known	<i>Lynge</i> , Linger, long
<i>Knowlaching</i> , Knowing	<i>Lyoncelle</i> , Young lion
<i>Lackest</i> , Wantest	<i>Lyped</i> , Wasted away
<i>Lackynge</i> , Yearning, wishing	<i>Lysse</i> , Sport
<i>Ladden</i> , Lay	<i>Lyssed</i> , Turned
<i>Lare</i> , Leather	<i>Lyven</i> , Live
<i>Lease</i> , Lose	
<i>Lechemanne</i> , Physician	<i>Maie</i> , Great
<i>Leckedst</i> , Most dispraised	<i>Maint</i> , Many
<i>Lecturnyes</i> , Lectures, warnings	<i>Mancas</i> , Mancuses; pieces of gold
<i>Leden</i> , Lanquishing, waning	<i>Manchyn</i> , Sleeve
<i>Leech</i> , Physician	<i>Mascilled</i> , Full of meshes
<i>Leege</i> , Homage	<i>Maugre</i> , In spite of
<i>Leffed</i> , Left	<i>Maynt</i> , Many
<i>Leman</i> , Mistress	<i>Mead</i> , Meadow
<i>Leme</i> } Gleam, light,	<i>Meed</i> , Reward
<i>Lemmie</i> } flash, ray	<i>Mees</i> , Meadows
<i>Lemed</i> , Lighted	<i>Meeten</i> , Meet
<i>Lepestones</i> , Leaps	<i>Meint</i> , Many
<i>Lere</i> , Leather	<i>Memuine</i> , Command
<i>Lesselle</i> , A bush, hedge, or arbour	<i>Menged</i> , Mingled
<i>Lethlen</i> , Still, dead	<i>Merce</i> , Mercian
<i>Lette</i> , Hinder	<i>Mere</i> , Lake
<i>Levynde</i> , Lightning-struck	<i>Metten</i> , Met
<i>Levynn</i> , Lightning	<i>Mewes</i> , Cages
<i>Lieve</i> , Choice	<i>Meynte</i> , Many, great numbers
	<i>Mickle</i> , Really means little, but seems to be used throughout to mean "muckle," great

<i>Mindbruch</i> , Worship	<i>Peene</i> , Punishment
<i>Mirk</i> , Darkness	<i>Pencete</i> , Painted
<i>Mitte</i> , Mighty	<i>Pendaunts</i> , Pennons
<i>Mockler</i> , More	<i>Penne</i> , Hill
<i>Moe</i> , More	<i>Perdie</i> , Par Dieu
<i>Moke</i> } Dark	<i>Persante</i> , Sharply
<i>Mokie</i> } Dark	<i>Pete</i> , Raze
<i>Mollock</i> , Wet	<i>Pheere</i> , Equal
<i>Moreying</i> , Rooting up	<i>Pheon</i> } The barbed
<i>Morglaien</i> , Deadly	<i>Pheryon</i> } head of a dart
<i>Morie</i> , Marshy	or arrow
<i>Morthe</i> , Death	<i>Pick hatch</i> , Thief
<i>Mows</i> , Boiled corn	<i>Picte</i> , Picture
<i>Myndbruche</i> , Hurt honour	<i>Port</i> , Carriage
<i>Ne</i> , Not	<i>Poynelle</i> , Pencil
<i>Nee</i> , Nothing	<i>Proto-slain</i> , First-slain
<i>Neet</i> , Night	<i>Prow</i> , Forehead
<i>Nesh</i> , Tender	<i>Puerilitie</i> , Boyhood
<i>Nightys</i> , Night's	<i>Punelstre</i> , Empty boast
<i>Nillynge</i> , Unwilling	<i>Pyghte</i> , Pluck, place, torture
<i>Nonnere</i> , Nunnery	
<i>Noyance</i> , Destruction	<i>Quaced</i> , Vanquished
<i>Nymd</i> , Caught	<i>Quaintissed</i> , Curiously de- vised, quaint
<i>Nymme</i> , To steal	<i>Queed</i> , The devil
<i>Obaie</i> , Abide	<i>Quent</i> , Quaint
<i>Onflemed</i> , Undismayed	
<i>Onknowlachynge</i> , Not knowing	<i>Receivure</i> , Receipt
<i>Onlyghte</i> , Obscure	<i>Recendize</i> , Cowardice
<i>Onspryngede</i> , Became faded	<i>Recradize</i> , Make coward
<i>Ore</i> , Other	<i>Recreand</i> , Recreant, coward
<i>Ouched</i> , Garlanded	<i>Reddour</i> , Violence, vehe- mence
<i>Oue</i> , Black-bird	<i>Rede</i> , Intelligence, wit, counsel, advice
<i>Ounde</i> , A wave, flood	<i>Reded</i> , Wise
<i>Oundynge</i> , Bounding	<i>Redeynge</i> , Wisdom
<i>Ourt</i> , Open	<i>Rege</i> , Huge
<i>Overest</i> , Uppermost	<i>Regrate</i> , Favour, esteem
<i>Parament</i> , Royal apparel	<i>Rele</i> , Wave
<i>'Pared</i> , Compared	<i>Rennome</i> , Honour, reputa- tion
<i>Parties</i> , Parts	<i>Reyne</i> , Run
<i>Passent</i> , Leisurely	<i>Reytes</i> , Water flags
<i>Paves</i> , Shields, daggers	

<i>Ribile</i> , Fiddle	<i>Smethe</i> , Smoke
<i>Riv'lette</i> , River	<i>Smore</i> , Smothered
<i>Rode</i> , Face, complexion	<i>Soothen</i> , Truth
<i>Rodeynge</i> , Ruling	<i>Spar</i> , A bar of wood
<i>Rou</i> , Horrid, ugly	<i>Sped</i> , Reached
<i>Roune</i> , Terrific	<i>Sprenge</i> , Scatter, be- sprinkle
<i>Royn</i> , Spoil	<i>Sprite</i> , Spirit, soul
<i>Royners</i> , Spoilers	<i>Steck</i> , Stuck
<i>Rudborne</i> , Red water	<i>Steeked</i> , Stole
<i>Ryndes</i> , Ruined	<i>Stente</i> , Stained
<i>Ryne</i> , Run	<i>Stere</i> , Hold, rudder
<i>Rynge</i> , To fix	<i>Steynced</i> , Mingled
<i>Sabalus</i> , The devil	<i>Storthe</i> , Dread
<i>Sabatans</i> , Boots	<i>Storven</i> , Dead
<i>Sabbataners</i> , Foot soldiers	<i>Stowe</i> , Place
<i>Sable</i> , Sand, darkness	<i>Straught</i> , Stretched
<i>Saunt</i> , Saunter	<i>Stre</i> , Straw
<i>Sayne</i> , Said	<i>Stree</i> , Strew
<i>Scath</i> , Damage	<i>Stroke</i> , Struck
<i>Scathe</i> , Scarce	<i>Stroven</i> , Striven
<i>Scaunce-layed</i> , Uneven	<i>Summertons</i> , Somerset men
<i>Scauncing</i> , Looking	<i>Sunnis</i> , Sun's
<i>Scethe</i> , Damage	<i>Sussers</i> , Men of Sussex
<i>Scille</i> , Gather	<i>Swangs</i> , Swings
<i>Scond</i> , Shun	<i>Swarthe</i> , A shadow
<i>Seck</i> , Suck	<i>Swarthless</i> , Lifeless
<i>Seere</i> , Search	<i>Swarthyng</i> , Dying
<i>Semblament</i> , Appearance	<i>Swote</i> { Sweet
<i>Semelikeede</i> } Counte-	<i>Swotie</i> { Sweet
<i>Semlykeene</i> } nance	<i>Swythe</i> , Quickly
<i>Sendaument</i> , Semblance,	<i>Syng</i> , Sing
appearance	<i>Sythe</i> { Since
<i>Shappe</i> , Fate, destiny	<i>Sythence</i> }
<i>Sheene</i> , Shine	<i>Talbot</i> , Species of dog
<i>Shente</i> , Brake	<i>Tanmen</i> , Danes
<i>Shepen</i> , Innocent	<i>Teir</i> , Tear
<i>Shrove</i> , Shrouded	<i>Tend</i> , Attend
<i>Siker</i> , Surer	<i>Tene</i> , Sorrow
<i>Skyne</i> , Skies	<i>Tere</i> , Muscle, healthy
<i>Slea</i> , Slay	<i>Thamysis</i> , Thames
<i>Sleave</i> , Floss silk	<i>Thighe</i> , Close together
<i>Sled</i> , Hurdle	<i>Thight</i> , Joined
<i>Sleen</i> , Slain	<i>Thorowe</i> , Through
<i>Stone</i> , Slew	
<i>Slowelie</i> , Sluggish	

<i>Thoughten</i> , Thought	<i>Waylynge</i> , Waning
<i>Thyssen</i> , Those	<i>Wayte</i> , Assist
<i>Tochelod</i> , Endowed	<i>Weal</i> , Commonwealth
<i>Treynted</i> , Dealt	<i>Weed</i> , Dress
<i>Trym</i> , A stream, joining the Avon below Bristol	<i>Weere</i> , Grief
<i>Twaie</i> , Twain	<i>Wele</i> , Well
<i>Twight</i> , Pulled	<i>Welke</i> , Course
<i>Tyde</i> , Betide	<i>Wemmes</i> , Faults
<i>Tyngue</i> , Tongue	<i>Whaped</i> , Astonished, amazed
<i>Ugsom</i> , Terribly	<i>Wind</i> , Sound
<i>Ugsomme</i> , Terrible, loath- some, ugly	<i>Wis</i> , Think, consider
<i>Ugsomness</i> , Terror	<i>Wissen</i> , Wish
<i>Unaknelled</i> , No knell rung	<i>Wite</i> , Reward
<i>Uncouthlie</i> , Uncomfort- able	<i>Woaden</i> , Coloured with woad
<i>Unceted</i> , Anointed	<i>Woddie</i> , Wrinkled
<i>Undevise</i> , Explain	<i>Wolfin</i> , Wolf
<i>Unespryte</i> , Spiritless	<i>Wolsomme</i> , Loathsome
<i>Unken'd</i> , Unknown	<i>Wordeynge</i> , Praying
<i>Unkerve</i> , Uncarven	<i>Wordie</i> , Worthy
<i>Unliart</i> , Unforgiving	<i>Wote</i> , Think
<i>Unlist</i> , Unbounded	<i>Wotted</i> , Knew
<i>Unlydgefulle</i> , Disloyal	<i>Wrynnē</i> , Declare
<i>Unplayte</i> , Explain	<i>Wurch</i> , Work
<i>Untentyff</i> , Uncared for	<i>Wurchys</i> , Works
<i>Unthewes</i> , Rudeness, bar- barity	<i>Wychencref</i> , Witchcraft
<i>Unwote</i> , Unknown	<i>Yaped</i> , Laughable
<i>Unweere</i> , Tempest	<i>Y-bereyngē</i> , Bearing
<i>Upryne</i> , Lift up	<i>Y-blent</i> , Blinded
<i>Upryst</i> , Risen up	<i>Y-borne</i> , Born one
<i>Val</i> , Helmet	<i>Y-brende</i> , Burn
<i>Vernage</i> , Wine	<i>Y-brent</i> , Burnt
<i>Vert</i> , Leaf	<i>Y-broched</i> , Horned
<i>Volunde</i> , Will	<i>Y-brogten</i> , Brought
<i>Vylle</i> , Town, city	<i>Y-clenched</i> , Covered
<i>Wanhope</i> , Despair	<i>Y-clept</i> , Called
<i>Ward</i> , Guard, keep off	<i>Y-corne</i> , Engraved
<i>Warriketh</i> , Worketh	<i>Y-corven</i> , Mould
<i>Wastle-cake</i> , Fine wheat cake	<i>Y-crase</i> , Break, distract
	<i>Y-dronks</i> , Drinks up
	<i>Y-grove</i> , Formed
	<i>Yinge</i> , Young
	<i>Y-lach'd</i> , Contained
	<i>Y-nutile</i> , Useless

<i>Y-readen</i> , Made ready	<i>Y-wimpled</i> , Muffled,
<i>Y-reerd</i> , Reared	covered
<i>Y-spedde</i> , Despatched	<i>Y-wreene</i> } Covered,
<i>Y-spende</i> , Consider	<i>Y-wrynde</i> } concealed
<i>Y-spoke</i> , Spake	
<i>Y-storven</i> , Dead	<i>Zabalus</i> , The devil
<i>Y-wielde</i> , Wield	

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A rigorous doom is mine, upon my fay, (II.)	180
Accept, fair nymph, this token of my love, (I.)	58
Against a brooklet as I lay reclined, (II.)	152
Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way (I.)	48
Almighty Framer of the skies ! (I.)	201
Amidst the wild and dreary dells, (I.)	59
As Elinor by the green lesselle was sitting, (II.)	27
As on a hill one eve sitting, (II.)	157
As spring now approaches with all his gay train, (I.)	46
Ascend, my muse, on sorrow's sable plume, (I)	198
Assist me, powers of heaven ! what do I hear ? (I.)	193
Away to the woodlands, away ! (I.)	36
Bacchus, ever smiling power, (I.)	35
Before I seek the dreary shore (I.)	44
Before yon ruddy sun has drove his wain (II.)	19
Begin, my muse, the imitative lay, (I.)	177
Behold ! just coming from above, (I.)	200
Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see (I.)	170
Clifton, sweet village ! now demands the lay, (I.)	209
Count all the flowers that deck the meadow's side, (I.)	56
Enchanting is the mighty power of love ; (I.)	58
Far distant from Britannia's lofty isle, (I.)	52
Far from the reach of critics and reviews, (I.)	172
Farewell, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick, (I.)	221
Go, gentle muse, and to my fair one say, (I.)	57
God ye God den, my good neighbour, how d'ye ail ? (II.)	179
Had Israel's monarch, when misfortune's dart (I.)	45
Hail Kew ! thou darling of the tuneful nine, (I.)	101
Hail resignation ! hail ambiguous dame, (I.)	138
Harold ! (II.)	72
Haste, haste ! ye solemn messengers of night, (I.)	179

	PAGE
Having with much attention read, (II.)	89
Heart of lion ! Shake thy sword, (II.)	170
Here lies, her debt of nature paid, (I.)	216
Hervenis, harping on the hackneyed text, (I.)	216
I swear by Styx, this usage is past bearing ; (I.)	11
I tell you, Lady Tempest— (I.)	39
If gentle love's immortal fire (I.)	49
In auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King, (II.)	186
In days of old, when Wesley's power, (I.)	205
In former days, as story says, (II.)	188
In Virginè the sweltry sun 'gan sheene, (II.)	84
Interest, thou universal god of men, (I.)	175
Johne makes a jarre 'bout Lancaster and York ; (II.)	191
Joyless I hail the solemn gloom, (I.)	181
Joyless I seek the solitary shade, (I.)	182
Let Sappho's name be heard no more, (I.)	50
Love, lawless tyrant of my breast, (I.)	60
Lucy, since the knot was tied, (I.)	38
Marriage, dear M[ason], is a serious thing ; (I.)	65
May happiness on earthè's bounds be had ? (II.)	189
Morals, as critics must allow, (I.)	86
Mounted aloft in Bristol's narrow streets, (I.)	208
My lovèd entes, adieu ! No more the sight (II.)	190
No more, dear Smith, the hackneyed tale renew ; (I.)	163
No more I hail the morning's golden gleam, (I.)	189
Now may all hell open to gulp thee down, (II.)	192
O'erwhelmed with pleasure at the joyful news, (I.)	65
Of warring senators, and battles dire, (I.)	69
Of war's glum pleasure do I chant my lay, (II.)	171
Oh Christ, it is a grief for me to tell (II.)	98
O God, Whose thunder shakes the sky, (I.)	218
Oh ! sing unto my roundelay, (II.)	53
Oh thou, or what remains of thee, (II.)	88
Oh truth ! immortal daughter of the skies, (II.)	115
On Rudborne bank two pining maidens sat (II.)	150
On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide (I.)	1

	PAGE
Once more the muse to beauteous Hoyland sings ; (I.)	53
‘Recite the loves of Narva and Mored’, (I.)	8
Revolving in their destined sphere, (I.)	62
Say, O my soul, if not allowed to be (I.)	219
Says Tom to Jack, ‘Tis very odd’, (I.)	207
Seraphic virgins of the tuneful choir, (I.)	46
Sharp was the frost, the wind was high, (I.)	202
Since happiness was not ordained for man, (I.)	166
Since short the busy scene of life will prove, (I.)	54
Since we can die but once, what matters it, (I.)	218
Some cherisaunei ‘tis to gentle mind, (II.)	18
Soon as hright sun along the skies (II.)	159
Souls of the blest, the pious Nigel said, (II.)	144
Stay, curious traveller, and pass not by, (II.)	158
Strange doom it is, that, in these days of ours, (II.)	16
Sweet are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid, (I.)	56
Tell me, god of soft desires, (I.)	55
The budding flowerets blushes at the light, (II.)	25
The feathered songster chanticleer (II.)	1
The mattin-bell had sounded long, (II.)	174
The night was cold, the wind was high, (I.)	204
The pleasing sweets of spring and summer past, (II.)	140
The sun into Virginè was gotten, (II.)	139
The sun revolving on his axis turns, (I.)	213
The tournament begins ; the hammers sound, (II.)	90
There was a brother of orders white, (II.)	178
This morning-star of Redcliffe’s rising ray, (II.)	191
This truth of old was sorrow’s friend, (I.)	134
This truth, this mighty truth—if truth can shine, (I.)	85
Though happiness be each man’s darling aim, (I.)	220
Through the hall the bell hath sound ; (II.)	192
‘Tis mystery all, in every sect (I.)	89
‘Tis sung by minstrels, that in ancient time, (II.)	15

To Clayfield, long renowned the muse's friend, (I.)	197
To sing of Clarke my muse aspires, (I.)	45
To the world new and its bestoykenyngē way, (II.)	172
To use a worn-out simile, (I.)	67
Turn thee to thy shepherd swain, (II.)	22
Versed by experience in the subtle art, (I.)	162
Walpole, I thought not I should ever see, (I.)	64
Weep on, ye Britons—give your general tear ; (I.)	185
Well, then, good John, since it must needs be so, (II.)	87
What gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say, (I.)	214
What is war and all its joys ? (I.)	36
What language, Powel ! can thy merits tell, (I.)	62
What numbers, Holland, can the muses find, (I.)	50
What strange infatuations rule mankind ! (I.)	77
When azure skies is veiled in robes of night, (II.)	193
When England, smoking from her deadly wound, (II.)	142
When freedom, dressed in blood-stained vest, (II.)	79
When from the earth the sun's hulstrēd, (II.)	160
When king Kynghill in his hand, (II.)	185
When Norrurs and his men of might, (II.)	184
When Scythians, savage as the wolves they chased, (II.)	80
Where the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave, (I.)	5
Whilom by writers much ungentle name (II.)	71
Why blooms the radiance of the morning sky ? (I.)	183
With hasty step religion, dight in grey, (II.)	169
Would'st thou know nature in her better part ? (II.)	147
Ye nine, awakc the chorded shell, (I.)	42
Ye virgins of the sacred choir, (I.)	199
Ye, who high in murky air, (II.)	36
Yes ! I am caught, my melting soul (I)	215
Young Colin was as stout a boy, (I.)	207
Young Heraudyn all by the green wood sat, (II.)	191
Young Strephon is as fair a swain (I.)	37

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